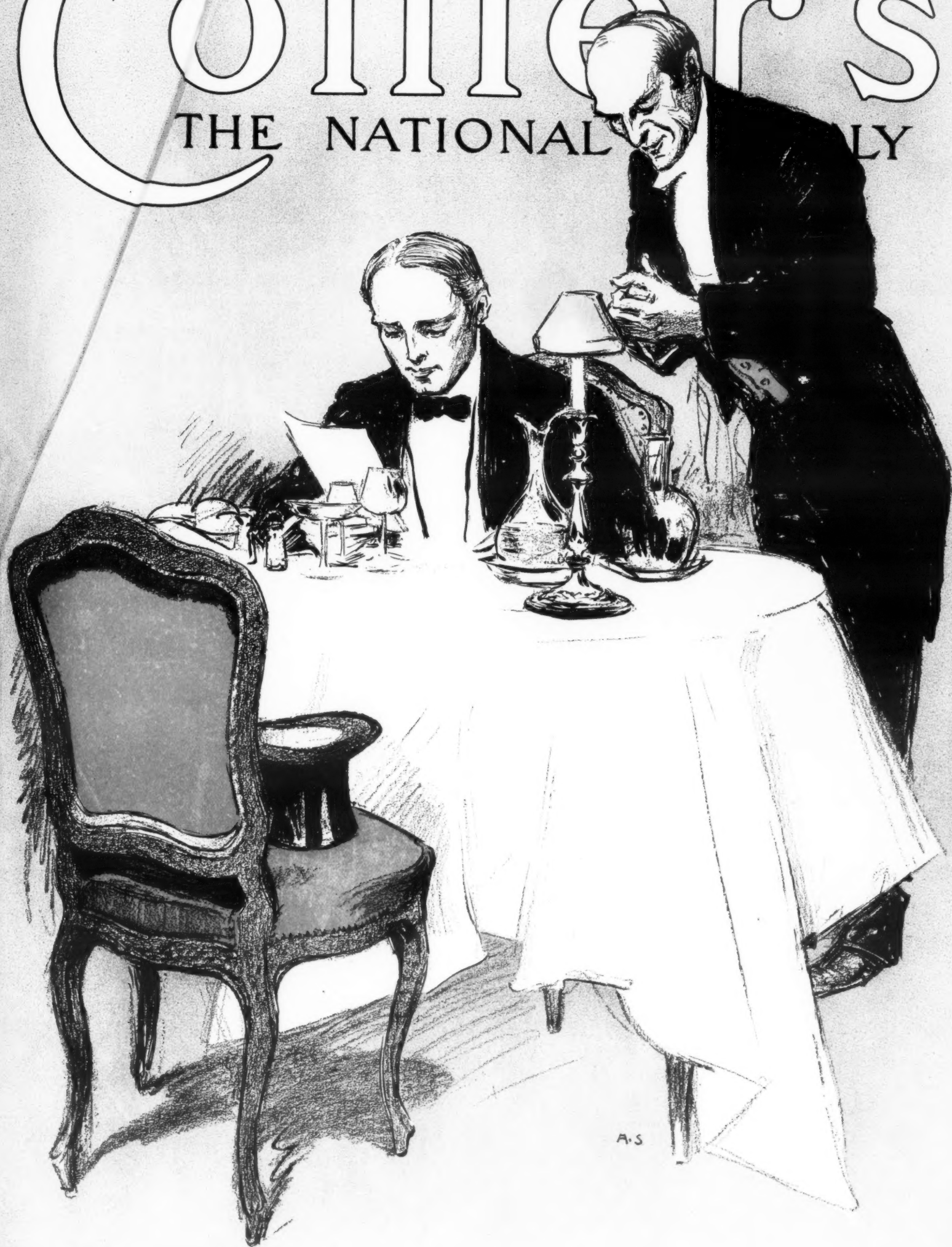


NEWS STAND EDITION

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



A.S.

VOL XXXVIII NO 24
MARCH 9 1907

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2-passenger Runabout \$650 4-passenger Runabout \$675
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MARCH COSMOPOLITAN

Contains a strong article on Christian Science—an exposition, not an expose, of the religion of which Mrs. Eddy is the head.

In the press of to-day there is a wild riot of abuse of Christian Science. The spirit of fairness of the American people condemns such vilification. COSMOPOLITAN believes in the discussion of any subject, especially one which touches the religious beliefs of thousands of people, without prejudice. In that spirit March COSMOPOLITAN prints an article on

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

By LORD DUNMORE

The Eminent English Nobleman and Christian Scientist

Other features in March COSMOPOLITAN are powerful stories and articles by JACK LONDON, JOSIAH FLYNT, ALFRED HENRY LEWIS, CHARLES E. RUSSELL, MARK LEE LUTHER, RICHARD BARRY, BRUNO LESSING, and many others of equal note. The March issue is, moreover, handsomely illustrated by the most famous artists of the day, with many pages in colors.

March

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A Keen Kutter Hammer can never fly off the handle.

It is secured by the wonderful Grellner Everlasting Lock Wedge which expands the wood in the head and when driven home is forever locked in place.

This wedge is the only perfect and lasting device of its kind and is found only in

KEEN KUTTER

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MARK LXIX

New Model Price \$1500

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In dependableness, simplicity of operation, safety, comfort, superb finish, graceful proportions, smartness of style and, above all, in radius of reliable action, this Victoria Phaeton is without a peer among light electric vehicles.

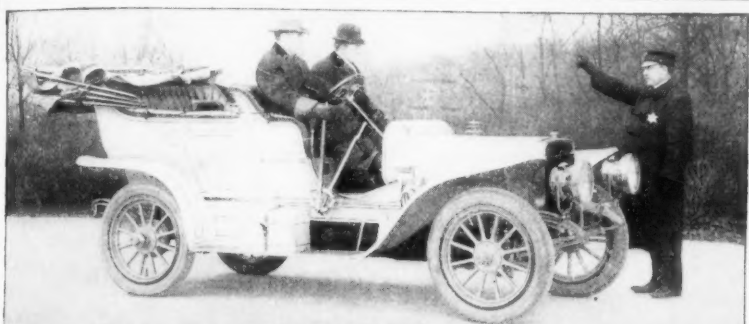
In actual road tests it has been run upwards of 75 miles on one battery charge. This mileage has never been equalled by a regular stock electric of any other make.

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Member A. L. A. M.



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WINTON

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M. 5x3 offset cylinders, 4 speeds ahead

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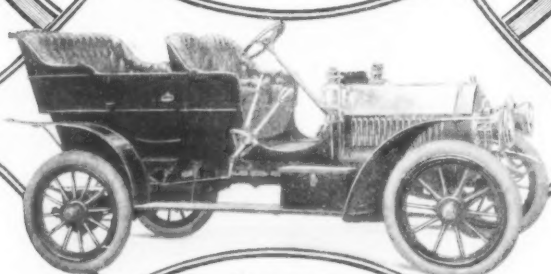
Model G—20 h. p. Four-Cylinder Touring Car; \$2,000. (Described in Catalog GL)
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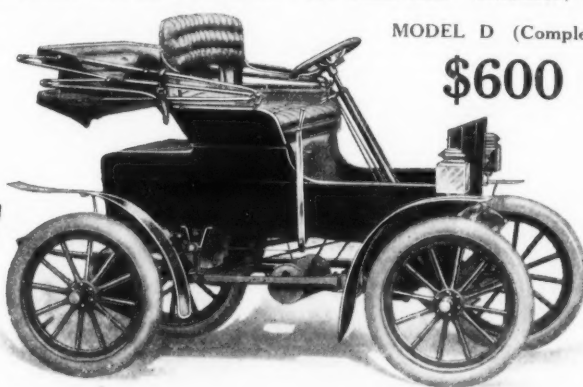
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MODEL D (Complete)

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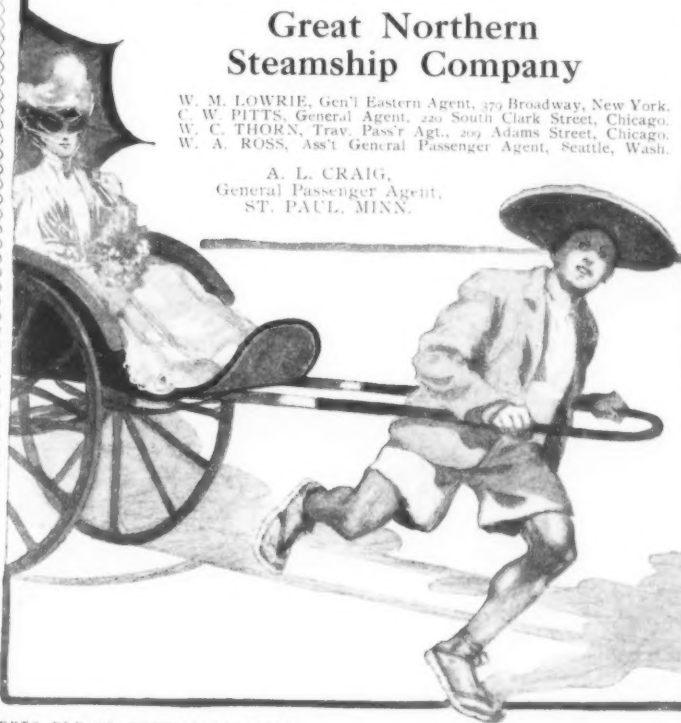
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SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1907



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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1907

COVER DESIGN. Dinner at the Club	Drawn by Albert Sterner	
THE ALAMO. Poem. Illustrated in Color by Henry McCarter	Horace Claflin Southwick	8
EDITORIALS		9
THE NATION'S LOSS	Cartoon by E. W. Kemble	12
THE ARMY TAKES CHARGE	Lindsay Denison	13
NORTH DAKOTA'S COAL FAMINE. Illustrated with Photographs		15
FAMINE REFUGEES. Double-Page of Photographs		16-17
THE BIG ONE. Story. Illustrated by F. C. Yohn	Stephen French Whitman	18
PLAYS OF THE MONTH. With a Portrait by Sewell Collins	Arthur Ruhl	21
PHOTOGRAPHS		22
WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING. Illustrated with Sketches by F. T. Richards		23

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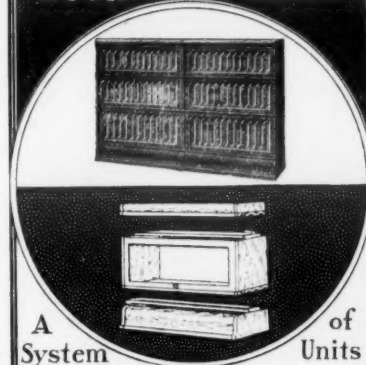
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EDITORIAL BULLETIN



NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1907

Easter Posies

Things that come to your door about Easter time ought to have an added touch of color. The Easter Rabbit is supposed to scamper prankishly through the barnyard bearing away bright red and orange and purple eggs which the Easter Hen has been hoarding in her nest. The little milliner's girl with a pretty red rose in her hair rings the doorbell and leaves for your wife a box all tied with pink ribbons; and you are just as eager as your wife to open the box and examine the flower garden for which Mlle. Vanity will soon be sending in the bill, all of which suggests the fact that Collier's for the issue of March 23 will appear about Easter time and will make its Easter call bearing some art work suitable to the occasion. "The Tulip Field," by George Hitchcock, will be the frontispiece, and "Easter Sunday in Mexico," by Thornton Oakley, "A Letter from the Philippines," by A. B. Frost, and a study in Easter hats by Albert Sterner will be among the art features.

Honk! Honk!

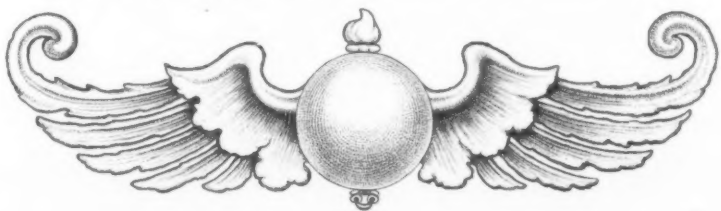
The Lurid Motor Car is coming around for the second lap. Richard Harding Davis's romance of the road, "The Adventures of the Scarlet Car," will appear again in the issue of March 23, and will detail, this time, the exciting history of the Jail-Breakers, who come into the story with the avowed purpose of thickening the plot, which centres on the adventurous red machine. If bright colors are in order for Eastertide, the honk of the Scarlet Car ought to be doubly welcome to Collier's readers. Frederic Dorr Steele's illustrations will accompany the story. Other short fiction for that number will be "The Honor of the Escort," by David Gray, the story of a reckless navy officer and a wandering Congressman who become entangled in a ludicrous tragedy in the Philippines. Arthur G. Dove's illustrations are in the same humor as the story. "Martha," by Georgia Wood Pangborn, is a "human" narrative.

Where the Tires Come From

Having written about that reckless touring-car, Richard Harding Davis repaired to Africa, where they grow the rubber that goes into the tires of the Scarlet Car. Mr. Davis is now on the West Coast of Africa, where he intends to study the country with the eye of an artist. He will have some travel-tales to tell of Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, the Ivory Coast, Calabar, and other places which once produced slaves and now produce rubber trees. Mr. Davis will probably go to the Congo also, but he will not go as an investigator but as a writer who loves to dip into the picturesque.

A Rap From a Reader

An amateur critic wrote us a letter recently. He mentioned Collier's as a "Home for Too Prosperous Artists," classing a recent Leyendecker cover as a clothing advertisement minus the clothes. He scolds Remington for taking his work too easily: "For the money he is getting he ought to . . . think up something worth while." Our critic also lampoons "The Jessie Smithcox Green School of Literary Children." He thinks that Kemble represents the "No-Knee-Cap School," and Reuter Dahl has no right to make Fifth Avenue people look like "Goops." He has his opinion of Maxfield Parrish, and altogether his bilious letter is so clever that we have decided to give it a page in an early issue and let our readers come to the rescue.



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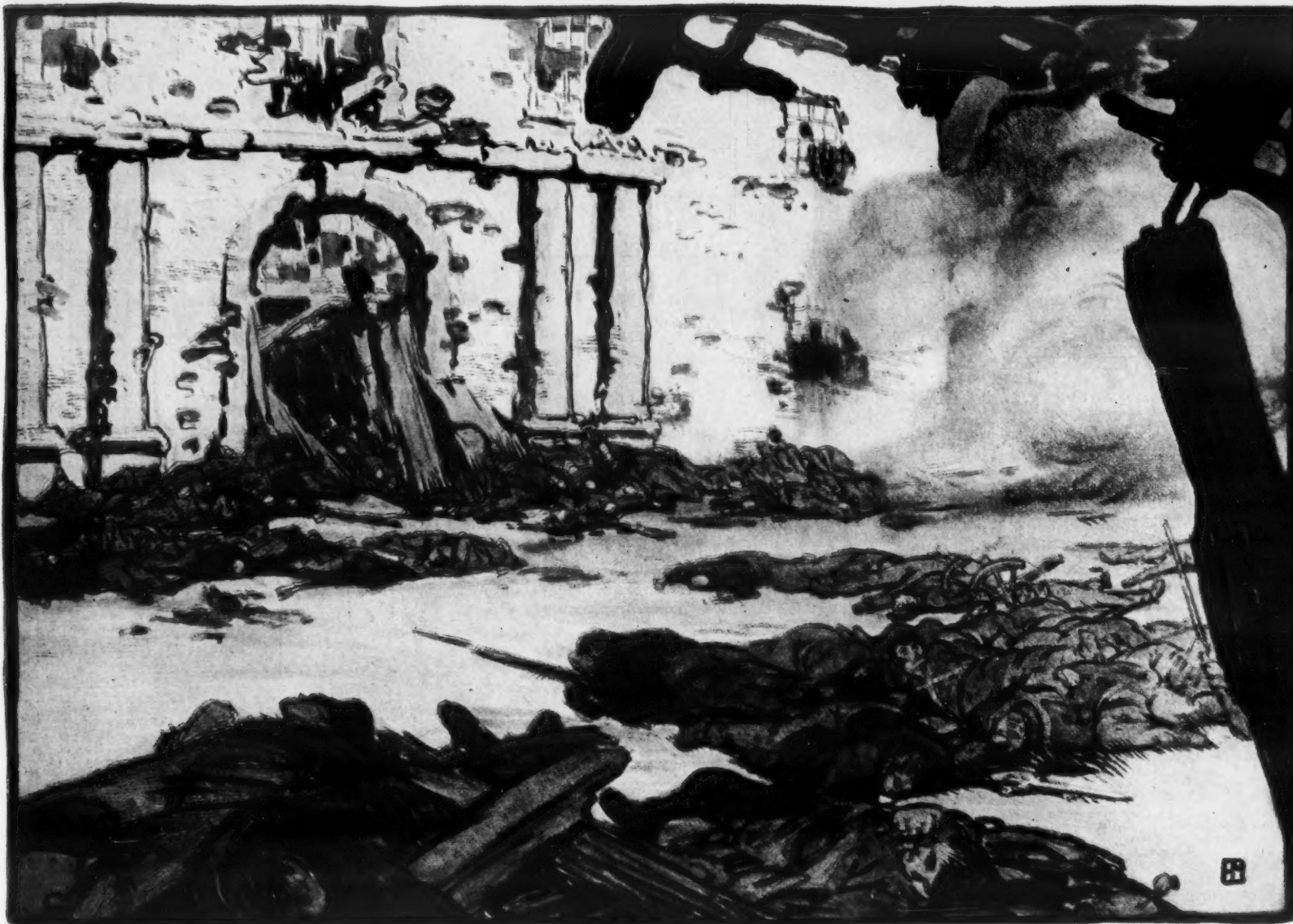
Fifty million time pieces in United States to be repaired. Accurate time necessary in the business world. Watchmaking is a specialized Craft System. Positions for graduates. It's time to write us. Dept. 15. **The De Selma Watch School, Attica, Ind.**

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



THE ALAMO

by HORACE · CLAFLIN · SOUTHWICK



SAY, you talk of Balaklava,
And the bloomin' British Square,
Of Waterloo and Ballyhoo;

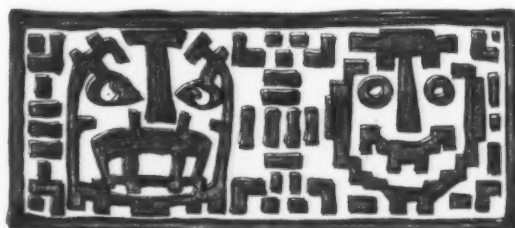
Why, that's nothin' but hot air:
Like the story of Thermopylae,
An' yarns about the Greeks
An' Persians and Egyptians,—
Not to speak of other freaks.

Why, sonny, down in Texas,
Not so very long ago,
They had a scrap with Greasers
At a place called Alamo;
Now, they warn't so very many
An' they hadn't uniforms,
Nor bearskin caps and leather straps
An' funny-fangled horns.

But what they had was powder,
An' by Gorry! they could shoot,
Without the drums a-beatin'
An' the bugle's brassy toot;
They didn't carry any flags
As symbols of their might,
Just simply nerve—and lots to serve:
That's what you need to fight.

On March 6, 1836, 140 Texans, under Colonel Travis, were massacred in the old Mission of the Alamo by a force of some 2000 Mexicans, under Santa Ana, after a siege of some three weeks. Colonel David Crockett was killed there. Only six Texans were left alive after the final assault, and these were murdered in cold blood in Santa Ana's presence, by his order, after surrender on promise of protection. The Mexican loss was over 500.

Of course they beat the Greasers,
Sent 'em flying back to Mex,
A-scootin' like a pack o' hounds,
As if they'd break their necks,
To bring another army back,
A thousand odd or more;
When back they come upon the run,
Say, sonny, *that* was war.



D'you think the Texans asked for truce,
Or showed a craven feather?
They stood their ground and stood it firm,
An' smiled at death together,
Till every blessed fightin' man
Was lyin' stiff and cold,
And in the mud, besoked with blood,
Upon each other rolled.

So Mex—he won by numbers,
Yes—he killed 'em, every one,
There warn't no Stoessels there, you see;
Understand, my son?
Americans ain't Roosians,
An' the lads from Texas State,
They fit away all night an' day
Until the dawn of fate.

The blokes at Balaklava—why,
They most of 'em came back;
They mightier stayed at home, those guys,
An' monkeyed with the track;
They say that Athens got the news
By one survivin' son,
The Greeks—they had a messenger:
The Alamo—had none.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THOMAS W. LAWSON OFFERS, in one of his eloquent announcements, to disprove some observations made by us. The most concrete form which his offer takes is this: "If what COLLIER's stated in its editorial was not absolutely false in each and all of its essentials, or if I can not show COLLIER's that the success of my Remedy in all those things rightly built men should value most is worth more to me than the making of even \$200,000,000—if my feeling, intention, position, or action are any different to-day than they were in the bitterest of my most active days of **ACCEPTED** Frenzied Finance, I will pay over to any charity COLLIER's may name the sum of \$100,000." Good.

Mr. LAWSON is so generous as to believe that we seek the truth, whether it result for us or against. We accept his offer. We shall be glad to have him "prove" to us whatever he can, and anything about his methods and intentions which he finds to be susceptible of demonstration we shall gladly express in these pages. We confess to distrust of press-agent and stock-jobbing methods, and our function includes pointing out the dangers of such gambling to outsiders, who are so utterly at the mercy of those inside.

IF A FASTER TRAIN is put on a railroad than can safely be run, is it fair to charge every accident, to every kind of train, up to speed mania in the people? Are not these fliers often mere advertisements which directly do not even pay expenses? Here is a question from the Attorney-General of Missouri: "When the true obligations on the part of these men who are in charge of these great enterprises are considered, is it not clear that instead of using the money of the road to gamble with and to secure the control of competing lines, contrary to the principles of our common law and our statute **SAFETY** law, such money should be used to improve the roadbed, to straighten the line, to strengthen the bridges, to increase the number and the safety of the cars in order that business may be promptly and properly conducted, in order that human life may be made more secure?" A blind agitation for lower rates on all roads, regardless of whether rates are more than high enough to give fair profit on capital actually invested, may do much harm. Agitation for the introduction of moral methods, such as the dropping of rebates and of passes, has already accomplished something. The agitation that is most called for now is one for the introduction of every safety appliance known to the much less murderous trains of Europe.

MANY THINGS WHICH are harmful or perilous we can avoid using if we have adequate intelligence. Trains we are compelled to take. If riding in France or England can be less dangerous than war, its perils can be decreased by us. Tinder-box cars can be abolished. Highly developed electric signals, including those made possible by electricity, can be introduced. Too long hours by employees can be ended. A much higher standard of personal efficiency can be brought about. If, as railroad men charge, union labor makes discipline impossible, let the officials come plainly and fully before the public with the facts, and union labor will find itself speedily compelled to acquiesce.

WHAT CAN BE DONE

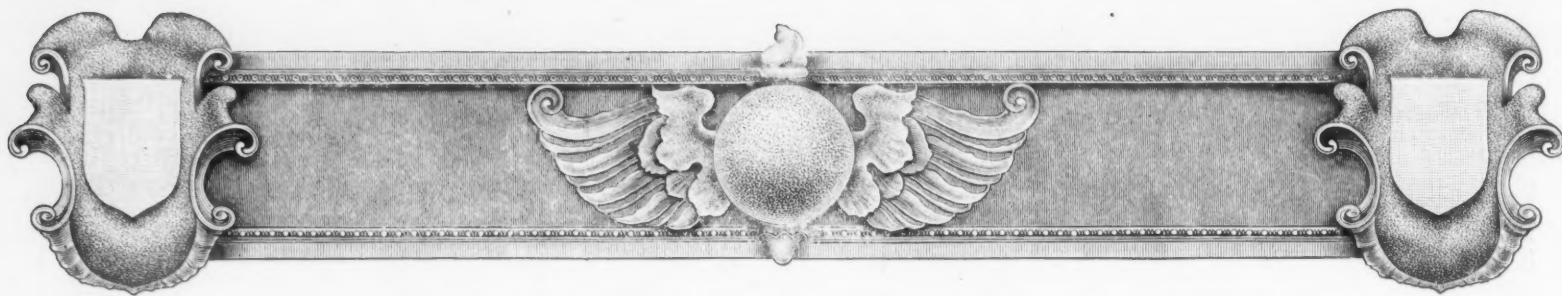
TO THOSE WHO know the Isthmus and the work there the Canal without STEVENS raises an idea of desolation. He found chaos and he brought forth order in face of criticism, the contractors at home, the indecision of Congress as to a plan, and the wearing climate. Clock-like, with the mainspring of all his energy wound up, he kept to the work, his thoughts on his objective

and never on his own health. We owe him much; and although he departs, the nation's work goes on along the lines which he had laid down. His word and the President's committed us to the three-flight lock system of the present plan, which puts all the eggs in the one basket. It is unfortunate that he could not remain to see them built. There is, however, the satisfaction that what is only a misfortune to-day **FUTURE OF THE CANAL** would have been a disaster a year ago. The next practical step is for the people to stand back of the army engineers in their efforts to continue STEVENS's organization and insure soundness of material and construction. The success of the undertaking is not dependent now on any one man, but alone on popular vigilance.

THERE ARE MOMENTS when the steel of a strong man's resolution, high tempered with concentrated effort, becomes as brittle as spun glass. SHERMAN found GRANT one day, in the period of HALLECK's supremacy, in his tent on the Monterey Road in 1862, tying up his private letters and packing his bag. "I'm going to St. Louis," GRANT said; "I can't stand this any longer." SHERMAN related how he himself had been on the point of resigning in a fit of blues because an editor called him crazy; but on second thought by daylight he had found the distinction cheering and complimentary. "Time **PATIENCE** will right this injustice, and you would be unhappier still away from the front when your country is at war." GRANT thought awhile and concluded that SHERMAN was right. STEVENS is of the same type. Perhaps his resignation was due to the fact that he had no such friend as SHERMAN at hand to say to him: "Come! Time will right these matters, and you would be unhappier still away from this great work you have seen grow under your hand. Because you can not make everything go as you desire, you forget that you have accomplished much."

A STRANGE, perplexing controversy has arisen in resourceful Chicago. It would appear that Mr. O'CONNELL, pilot of Mayor DUNNE's political fortunes and incidentally Commissioner of Public Works, had a difference with Mr. COLLINS, Chief of the city's weird police force. In the course of the disagreement Mr. COLLINS stated that Mr. O'CONNELL was a liar. Mr. O'CONNELL, not to be outdone in courtesy, replied that Mr. COLLINS was a d—d liar. Mayor DUNNE thereupon poured oil on the troubled waters by stating that both gentlemen were veracious. This leaves the matter in serious doubt from the standpoint of pure reason, for it would appear **HOW IS IT?** that: First, if Mr. COLLINS is truthful in his assertions, Mr. O'CONNELL and Mayor DUNNE are liars; second, that if Mr. O'CONNELL uttered a truthful statement, Mr. COLLINS and Mayor DUNNE are d—d liars; third, if, on the other hand, the respective statements of Messrs. COLLINS and O'CONNELL are untrue, there remains a list of from two to three liars; fourth, if Mayor DUNNE is truthful then all three are various degrees of liars, or all are truthful, or some are liars. This third hypothesis admits of such voluminous argumentation that nothing but a ukase can settle it. Some one appears to have tampered with the truth.

PHILADELPHIA'S promise to lead the way in municipal reform has been broken less than two years after it was made. Mr. REYBURN, the mayor-elect, sixty-two years old, personally honest and of no particular force when in Congress, is counted upon by the Republican organization to keep up an appearance of dignity and respectability, while the real ruler of the city, JAMES P. MC-NICHOL, tells the City Councils what he wants them to do. Many



of the City Fathers who, two years ago, were prevented from selling the city's gas plant for a song only by the appearance in the gallery of the council chamber of indignant citizens with ropes are back "on the job." They are ready to "work for a progressive Philadelphia" once more. They are in sympathy with McNICHOL's theory that continued criticism is bad for business. McNICHOL is a contractor, and the Councilmen hold their ward leaderships largely by virtue

IN THE LONG RUN

of their ability to get jobs for men who do not care to work too strenuously for their pay. The country has observed in Philadelphia that the people can obtain better city administration when they actively desire it. Even McNICHOL and his fellow-gangsters may feel it advisable to use their power more circumspectly in the future. Evolution is a slow process, whether in politics or frontal development. Occasional reversions are to be looked for. "Steady, by jerks," is the rule.

A FAVORITE QUOTATION at Washington is:

"For science and for books, he said, he never had a wish; No school to him was worth a fig except a school of fish."

Between the men who wrangle over the appropriation bills and the scientists who experiment, at Government expense, with new methods of plant culture there is perennial feud. To judge by the debates in Congress, science and books are well enough in their way; tatting and feather-stitching also; but why a strong man should dawdle over the gipsy moth or wheat rust or the propagation of a tree species for arid lands defies the intellect. When Secretary WILSON's request to include in the Agricultural

A PUNCH FOR SCIENCE

Appropriation Bill an item of \$750,000 to provide for some forestry experiments came before the Senate, Senator GALLINGER wished to know just how many of these "so-called scientists" are now employed in the Department of Agriculture. After Senators PROCTOR and NEWLANDS had patiently explained that the appropriation must include the traveling expenses of the experimenters, Senator CARTER dropped this: "I do not believe there should be permission given to any officer to conduct investigations in the city of Washington or elsewhere, which means the North Pole or the Southern Cross or any other part of the globe to which a human being can go." Senator HEYBURN accused Mr. PINCHOT's forerunners of political plotting. These arguments prevailed; "the amendment was rejected."

SUCH A MURDER TRIAL as that which has lately attracted national attention induces reflections on capital punishment. If a murderer may escape legal punishment for his crime because the emotional explosion which brought about the homicide is adjudged to be a temporary insanity, where is the line between an irresponsible condition and mere hate? How many emotional Italians, poorly nourished, badly bred, inheritors of none knows what taint, are yearly convicted of varying degrees of homicide, and swiftly punished, who, had they the money to employ able experts and counsel, might prove that the state of mind in which they jabbed stilettos into the

PUNISHMENT

other men was comparable to a neurotic cyclone, in which their poor physical members whirled in a state of complete moral anesthesia? In a hundred years will our whole crude legal machinery for drawing hard lines about responsibility seem as barbarous as the ancient tests for witchcraft? Plainly, in the relation of punishment to crime, we are as yet children groping in the dark. It may be noted in this connection that a bill has been introduced in a State Legislature to provide that murderers who have no money and wish to enter the plea of insanity may employ a suitable medical expert at the expense of the State.

SO MANY MORE DEGREES of irresponsibility exist in fact than are recognized by law that juries frequently acquit because they are unwilling to convict a man of greater crime than they believe he has committed. The law calls a man sane if he knows the nature of his act, realizes its consequences, and understands that it is wrong. Everybody knows that from such a degree of sanity to real self-control there is immeasurable distance. To punish

SANITY AND LAW

with death a man who knows what he is doing, but is practically without power of deliberation or control, is revolting to the ordinary conscience and sympathies; and there are plenty of psychologists, physicians, and lawyers of high standing who find in this rigidity one of the most glaring defects of criminal jurisprudence. The machinery for bringing about an improvement ought not to be impossible to devise. The law will not do its proper work until its assumptions are less contrary to the human facts.

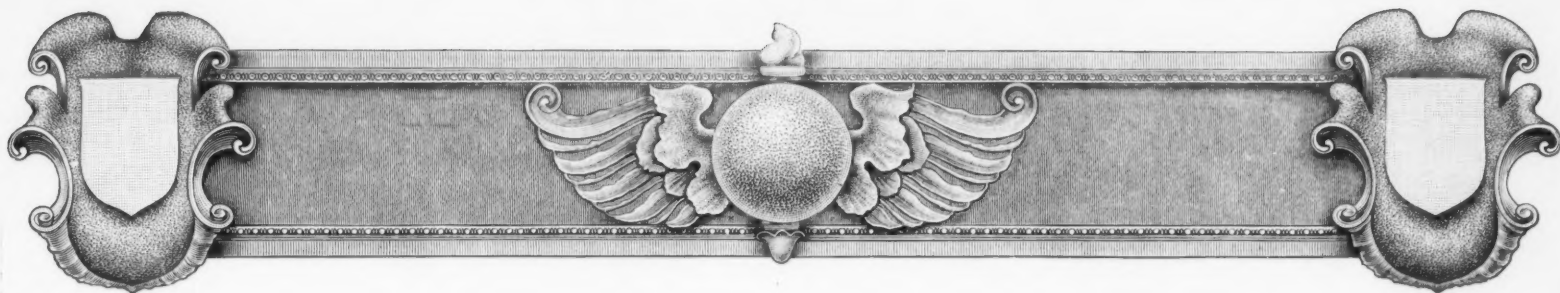
NO JAPANESE GENERAL has yet written a book about the war. None will; for so the Emperor has ordered, so the General Staff has decreed. Besides, they are too busy reading the books and the interviews and articles of Russian commanders. KUROPATKIN's account appears in three volumes. His lengthy and academic despatches given in the midst of battle make him a severe commentator on himself. They find some excuse, however, in the wavering, incontinent, unprofessional reports of his subordinates. Clearly he was handicapped by ALEXIEFF and the court cabal and sorely disturbed by the inadequacy of an instrument which was, after all, his own creation as Minister of War. Clearly he was a cushion into which sank the pin of every detail, lacking, as General KUROKI said of him, the boldness to carry any one of his many conceptions doggedly through. The revelation of the whole teaches us that the strength of the Japanese was emphasized by Russian incompetency, by keeping secret all their own weaknesses, and by allowing the world's imagination, dwelling on results unqualified by critical information, to ascribe superhuman virtues to them. And still the little men sit tight and listen, believing, as one of their proverbs says, that wise counsels and few words make courage bright.

WITH THE WATER squeezed out of the Kaiser's electoral victory, we find that liberalism itself has received no setback in Germany. After all, he only beat the Socialists at the polls, while his ancestors used to beat them with clubs. In Russia, where complex discussions must wait on the establishment of great principles, murders by the Reactionaries and counter-murders by the Terrorists have not stifled the education of the sane world that lies between. STOLYPIN seemed to think that his soldiers were going to elect the Duma; and the people, taking his advice quietly and acting contrariwise, surprised him by electing it themselves, which certainly shows that popular government is an undependable thing, as POBEDONOSTZEFF ever maintained. This great race, whose vitality has carried its flag across a continent, once awakened to its power, is not of a temper when aroused to be voted by "shotgun rule." The meat in the nut of the radical majority is that it springs in great part from the peasantry, whom the bureaucracy depended upon in opposition to the townspeople. The farmers no longer think that the Little Father represents God and gives them life and food and drink out of his generous heart. They have had a taste of freedom, and they like it. As yet they may not know how to use it; but they will learn, it is possible to hope, with a briefer and an easier experience than other communities built out of medieval material.

PROGRESS IN RUSSIA

WHEN DISRAELI told the members of the House of Commons that his ancestors were priests when theirs were in skins the Commons liked his audacity. His tart and courageous fling made their North Sea blood run faster. Of course they knew it was not true; that no fig-leaf could be older than the British, let alone so respectably opaque. With equal temerity Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN is about to break a lance with the Lords. Early in his career GLADSTONE tried to improve that august body by modifying it with Liberal members. But no sooner had they coronets on their heads than they wrapped their robes about them in exclusive pride and became profound believers in the sanctity of a hereditary house. Later, on the occasion of his Home Rule fight, he did not repeat the experiment. It was in this crisis that the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY raised his leonine head before a British audience and observed with aristocratic languor that he thought the Lords, which was the elder of the two branches, would go at the same time as the Commons. Slowly that sank into the minds of the two ex-

LORDS



tremes of Torydom, the 'Arries at the "pubs" and the intellectual classes. Of course! How could the Lords go first when they were older? When Sir HENRY is most eloquent and most logical the Peers will stare and quote the Marquis's speech and the public will say, if it follows precedent: "You cawn't, you know." It is said that Sir HENRY has enlisted the King's support. The King has shown an unconstitutionally meddlesome spirit in British politics which the Peers resent, not in the name of the people, but as an interference with their noble prerogatives.

WOMEN SHOULD FIND systematic factory inspection more interesting than study classes on BROWNING, and they can exterminate child slavery in the individual States before Senator BEVERIDGE's bill passes the National Legislature at Washington. Federal law might be helpful; direction and enforcement of public opinion by women would be all powerful. There are five hundred thousand women in American cities belonging to clubs. They should be able to cope with the brutalization of seven hundred thousand children who ought to be in school instead of at work in mines, mills, and factories. What **TO WOMEN** that half million women can do if they set about it may be guessed, at least in a general way,

from what they did to Senator SMOOT and, with mistaken zeal, to the army canteen. Do they care less about child slavery than about monogamy and the most advisable place to drink? The child-worker is in law not the chattel of his employer, though in fact he may be owned body and soul. The laws are better than their enforcement. Publicity and public opinion should see that every child-labor law is executed to the very end.

1,750,178 CHILDREN from ten to fifteen years of age are employed in farm, factory, and personal service in the United States. Of this army, 1,054,446 live the natural and healthy, if frugal and industrious, life of the farm. Most of these belong to the families of the farmers. Even if they do not, their lot is comparatively enviable. It is not necessary to observe the children of such places as "Rat Row" in Cincinnati, the "Levee District" in Chicago, or the "Lung Block" in New York to note the contrast.

CHILD LABOR

Walk through the streets in which the better class of factory operatives live, and ask yourself if the worst bit of Alabama Red Clay, or Colorado Desert, or bleak New England hillside, is not a better soil on which to rear the citizens of the next generation. The farmers' sons and daughters are the only children without wealth who may look forward confidently to lives of independence. The little red schoolhouse gives them the rudiments, and if they have the right material in them the road to intellectual attainment is open, with less obstacles than ABRAHAM LINCOLN met. In these days of rural delivery, farm telephones, and traction engines, the isolation and drudgery of the farm are but a tradition.

WHILE WE SIT at our roll-top desk, making laws for the United States and outlying nations, a few bright suggestions about details have been crowded on us. That was a good one about automobiles! Why arrest the chauffeur? Why not

ARREST THE AUTO

arrest the machine? Give Plutocrat Sorghum's \$8,000 car a term of two years' imprisonment and see how the sentence affects the gentle bondholder. Ready money is no object to him—but put his gas vehicle out of commission for any length of time and he will suffer. If you own a bank or a majority of stock in your State Legisla-

ture, you need not worry about several hundred dollars more or less. All dollars are alike. But it will take much time and many tears to substitute an automobile which you have tested as a good road-runner and a reliable man-killer. If you lock up the offending automobiles and let the owners go free, there will be a rapid-transit change in this country almost amounting to the Great Reform. A fat proportion of our capitalists will be seen walking arm in arm with their mechanics, the odor of naphtha will be diminished in the land, and infants, invalids, and old people may cross the street without accident insurance.

THE 450TH ANNIVERSARY of the Moravian Church as an organization, on March 1, was celebrated in all parts of the world. Besides building Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Lititz, in Pennsylvania, the Moravians have done pioneer work in this country, and although the membership in the United States is now but sixteen thousand, one missionary is maintained for every sixty-five members. The British Parliament recognized the Moravians as "an ancient Episcopal Church," in 1749, and it is said that JOHN WESLEY was strongly influenced by them. Of late they have shown less of the mystical tendencies of their illustrious coadjutor, Count ZINZENDORF, and a stronger inclination toward the practical.

AN ACTIVE CHURCH

Simple and kindly in their lives, if somewhat frugal, these people have long been devotees of music, and the Bach festivals at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, have drawn visitors from all parts of the world.

AMERICAN SUFFRAGETTES think poorly of the situation in America. One of them recently pointed out that the new constitution granted Finland by the Czar gives women equal rights with men to vote and hold office, that women have gained a victory in Natal, Africa, and that the right **WOMAN RAMPANT**

to vote at church elections has been accorded them at the foot of Mount Ararat. We would fain cheer these ladies, by observing that in Norway, Maine, are a woman pastor, a woman editor, a woman physician, a woman justice of the peace, a woman bank

cashier, a woman undertaker, and if the village of fifteen hundred ever has a mayor, a woman will probably be chosen. All is not lost in America. And the great consideration about this country is that whenever American women as a whole wish the suffrage they will have it.

DODGING TAXES may be carried so far as to seem rather startling even to our frank time. The "1907 Tax Day," mentioned in the advertisement reproduced on this page, is the day when residents of New York can go to the assessor's office and offer protest, if they have any, against the amount of their assessments. The facilities offered in this advertisement make the process somewhat simple and virtuously avoid the temptation to perjury. On the day before "Tax Day"

you own a million dollars in railway securities, **THE DEVIL AND THE STUMP** taxable for \$14,700. That day you go to PFAELZER & Co., sell your railway securities and put your million in "tax free" municipal bonds. Then you make your affidavit that you have no taxable property. The next day you sell your municipal bonds and buy back your railway securities. You can do it all in forty-eight hours, and the net saving is \$14,700, less the insignificant commission for buying and selling. Such is the gain in money, the excessive love of which is evil's root. About the honor of it all we offer no platitude at present.

1907 TAX DAY

is near at hand. We have a choice list of

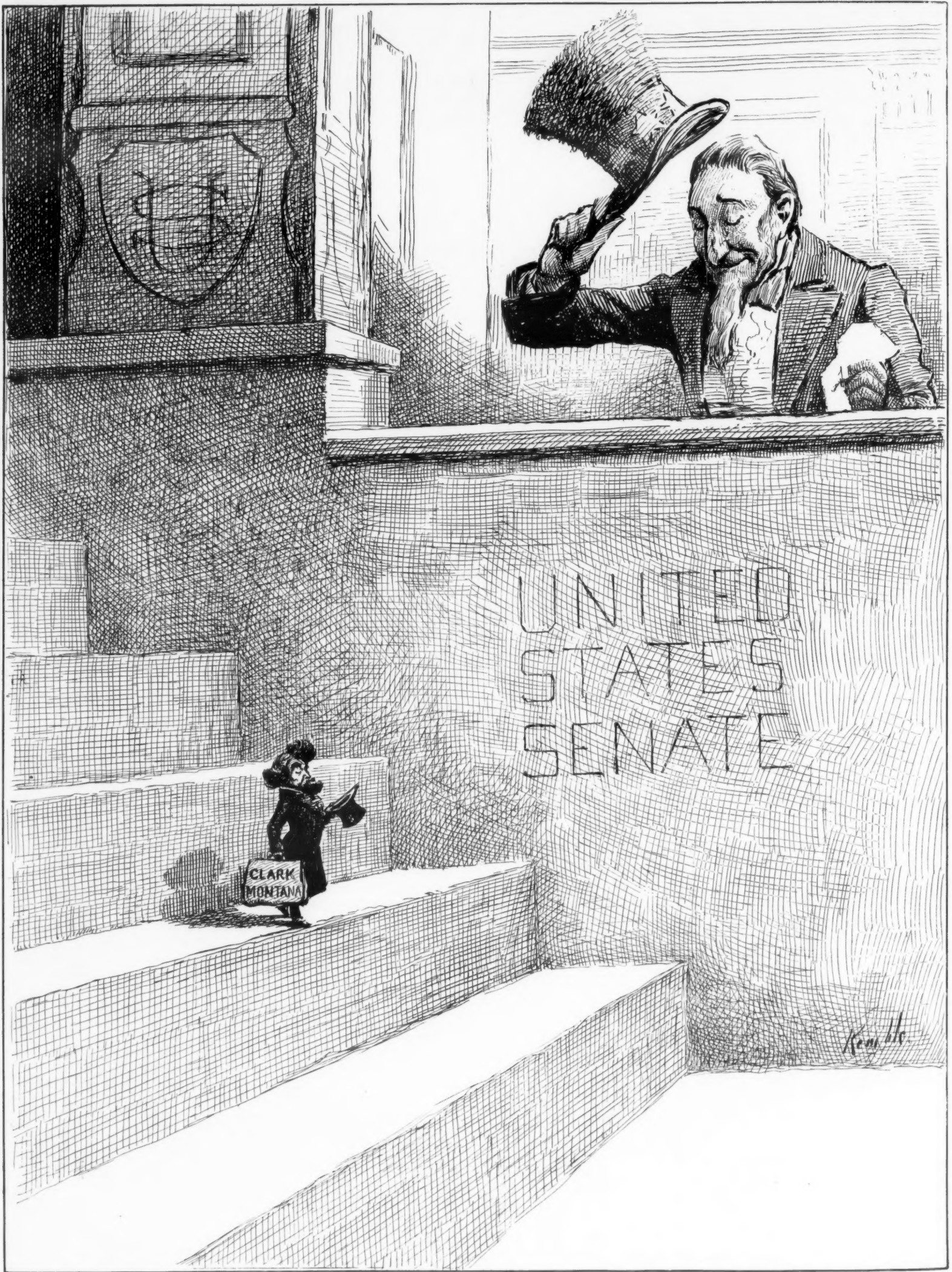
TAX FREE SECURITIES

Parties wishing to purchase tax free securities will do well to obtain one of our lists of choice offerings

Pfaelzer & Co. BANKERS

15 BROAD ST.

THIS advertisement, which appeared in the "Wall Street Journal," shows how highly organized an industry tax-dodging has become in the United States. Moralizing on that topic will be found, by the attentive reader of this instructive periodical, in the last editorial on this page



THE NATION'S LOSS

"Senator Clark, having been turned down by the ungrateful Montana Legislature, will now give his undivided attention to his large copper interests in the West."—NEWS DESPATCH

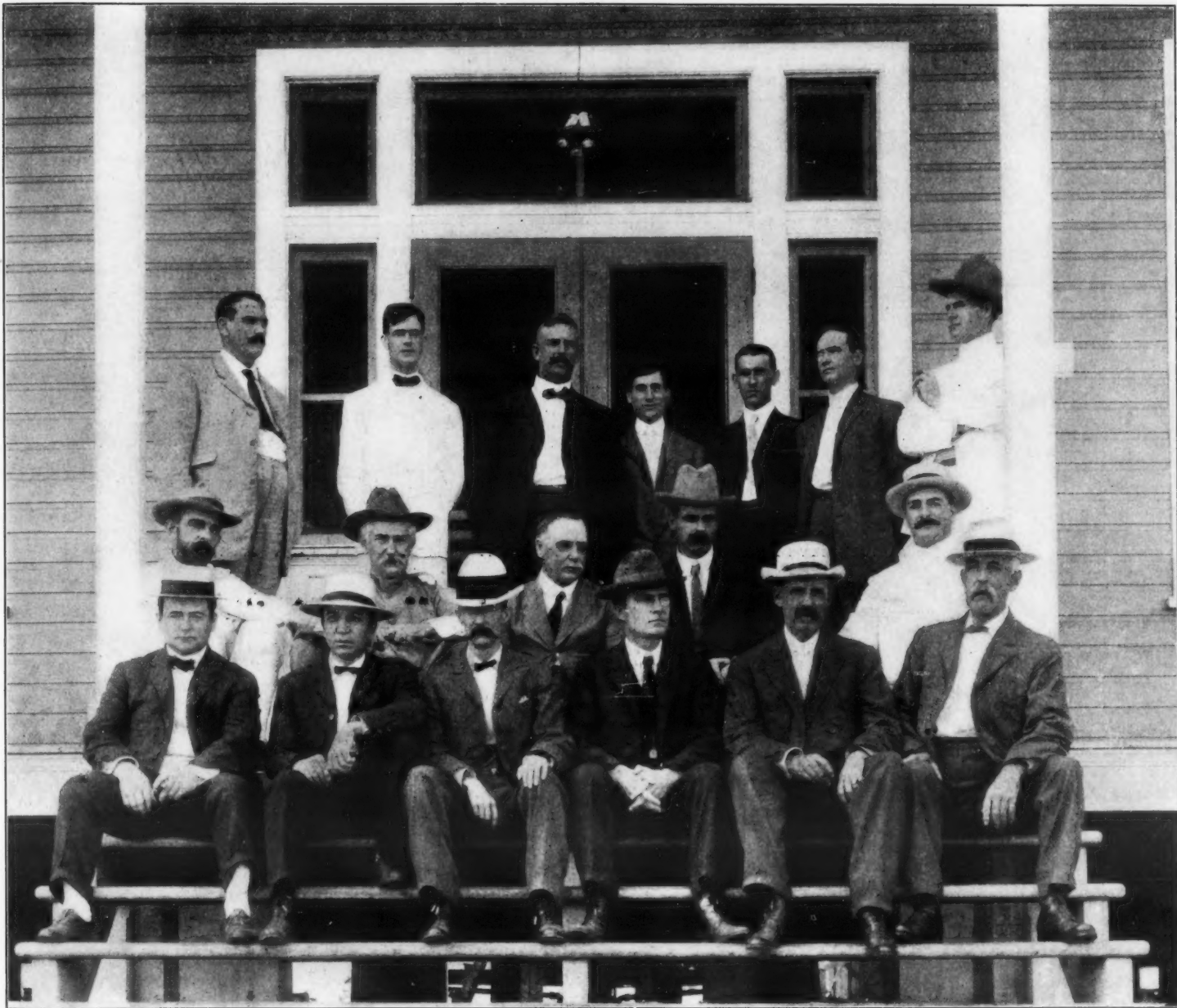
DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

THE ARMY TAKES CHARGE

JOHN F. STEVENS, IN CHARGE OF THE BUILDING OF THE PANAMA CANAL, HAS RESIGNED. THE PRESIDENT HAS TURNED THE WORK OVER TO TWO OFFICERS OF THE ENGINEERING CORPS OF THE ARMY. THE AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE WAS ON THE ISTHMUS WHEN THE LETTER OF RESIGNATION WAS WRITTEN. HE WRITES OF THE INCIDENT WITH INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE

By LINDSAY DENISON

John F. Stevens, Chief Engineer. Harry Reed, Government and Administration. W. G. Comber, La Boca Division. E. P. Shannon, Sec'y to Chief Engineer. G. Beird, Pan. R.R. Jackson Smith, Labor and Quarters. Thomas Shanton, Police.



J. G. Holcombe, Municipal Engineering. W. C. Gorgas, Sanitation. Joseph Ripley, Asst. Chief Eng. F. B. Maltby, Prin. Asst. Eng. W. G. Tubby, Material and Supplies. E. J. Williams, Disbursing. W. D. Bolch, Culebra Division. R. M. Arango, River Hydraulics. H. L. Stuntz, Auditor. G. D. Brooke, Motive Power and Machinery. W. M. Belding, Building and Construction.

Missing: William Gerig, Colon Division.

STEVENS AND HIS CAPTAINS

The engineers and their superintendents—"They have driven their shovels and their drills like demons for the sake of hearing him say: 'Good!'"

JOHN F. STEVENS, chief engineer of the Panama Canal, and acting chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, sat on the evening of February 8 in the cool hall of his house on the top of Culebra Hill, and talked to me for an hour or more about his work, his men, and himself. He gloried in what the Americans had overcome, in what they were doing, and in the spirit they were showing. Of the Canal itself, he spoke disparagingly; he had gone stale in his enthusiasm. It no longer represented to him a "Highway of the Nations," or the "New Wonder of the World"; he could see in it merely an enormous hole in the ground in which he and the thirty thousand men under his command were to labor wearily from morning until night for seven long years to come. Frankly, he said, he was tired of it.

I called back out of the dark, as I was leaving, that I hoped to drop in on him again in about a year. He smiled an indifferent, rather a bitter, smile.

"I may not be here then," he said. "The United States looks pretty good to me to-night."

Then he walked back to the little desk just inside the door and took up the letter-writing at which he had been busy when I interrupted him. And before he had finished he had written his letter of resignation to the President of the United States, and had brought

about the most serious and vital reverse since the United States took over the French Canal concession. It is far more serious than the defection of Wallace, because Wallace, no matter how great his capacity as an engineer, lacked the capacity to coerce his superiors to let him do things in his own way. The recent retirement of Shonts was a positive help to the harmonious and orderly prosecution of the contract. But John F. Stevens is the one man, who, up to the moment of his resignation, had gone effectively and aggressively and economically at his huge task, and had achieved a success, developed since January 1, completely astounding to everybody who has kept in close touch with things on the Isthmus. Absurd as the words seem, there are many of us who must believe that this success surprised the man himself, and that his resignation may be indirectly traced to this surprise. But his letter went to Washington on the steamship *Colon*; the President received it on February 15; the wording of it seemed to him so inexplicably offensive, and the spirit of it so far from that which he believed ought to animate the man directly in charge of the Panama Canal, that he accepted the resignation, only asking that the news should not be given to the public until arrangements for installing his successor could be made and a decision could be reached on the bids for

the Canal contract. Major George W. Goethals of the War College was assigned to act as chief engineer of the Canal, and it was determined that hereafter the work should be under the supervision of the Engineer Corps of the United States Army. Major David Du B. Gaillard was assigned to assist Major Goethals. The whole Isthmian Canal Commission was removed. Joseph C. S. Blackburn was made chairman of a new commission of which the army engineers are the only other members.

Stevens is out. But it does not even yet seem credible to me that the man to whom I talked that Friday night on Culebra Hill had it in his heart to quit. To any one who knows John F. Stevens well, the imputation that he could be a quitter is laughable. He seemed rather, on the night of February 8, to be a man who was going through the reaction which follows a great achievement—a reaction which ought not to have come until after the Canal was finished, but which had come prematurely because of the tremendous physical strain of the last three years with all its fantastic complications of climate, politics, and diplomacy. In other words, he seemed like an overtrained football player who has broken down into nervousness and despondency after the first big game of the season. We all know the type; a great big bunch of nerves and

muscle goes sulking off to his room after having brought about a tremendous victory; he sits there until midnight, with his head in his hands, worrying, and at last he writes a letter to the Head Coach; a half-petulant, half-angry letter in which he announces his intention to retire from the team and from the whole game of football. The Head Coach misses him from the training table in the morning before the fatal letter is ever opened, pulls him out of bed, tells him not to be a fool, throws a pail of cold water on his head—and the big boy sheepishly asks if he can't have the letter back unopened.

But it is sadly true that Washington is considerably farther from Panama than is the training table from a college dormitory; moreover, the correspondence was between grown men and not unformed boys. The President and Stevens were so far apart, and had come to the breaking point through so much tension and responsibility, that pride had time to stiffen Stevens's determination that he would stick by his word and get out, and the President could not bring himself to see that a man whose grit had broken down at such a critical stage of the work was fit to go on with it. There was never any thought of a reconsideration.

"If Stevens had been a Frenchman," said Frederick Palmer, when we were talking the matter over, "the wire would have been hot with the request that his letter be disregarded or returned unopened. But the same quality in the American temperament which leads the American to attempt to defy the tropical climate when he is sent to do work in it makes him stubbornly stand by the results of his physical and mental breakdown and irritation which come from that defiance. Sooner or later the American who contemptuously discards the sun umbrella and the siesta, and who stays on his work from dawn until dark, reaches the breaking point, loses his initiative and his sense of the proportion of things."

Recalling the conversation on the night of his resignation, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that something of this sort had happened to Mr. Stevens. A year ago I had written some very harsh things about the condition of the Panama Railroad and its administration. Mr. Stevens had been very much incensed by it. My call was one of apology—to say that the present wonderfully efficient working of the railroad (which isn't really a railroad at all, but a huge construction yard, fifty miles long) had taught me my mistake.

A Man Gone Stale on His Work

THE Chief Engineer, affectionately designated by his subordinates from one end of the Isthmus to the other as "The Big Smoke," was more than anxious to meet me half-way. A year ago he had cabled that I was "a liar of the Poultney Bigelow class." Now he was explaining that the strain of the work and the climate and of warring influences above and below him had caused him to be irritated beyond all reason, and that if he had been in my place with my limited understanding of the demoralized condition of the railroad he would have written of it in the same way. He said, rather significantly it now seems, that he guessed he had taken his job too seriously a year ago. He wanted to know what I thought of the year's progress and seemed moderately pleased when I told him, with complete candor, that the progress we had made and the wonderful display of flying dirt and whirling machinery up and down the line completely swept me off my feet. The eight miles of the Culebra cut were overhung with a black pall of smoke from the engines and shovels and locomotives, so that it looked far more like Pittsburgh than any other place in the world. I had spent three days riding up and down the line on dirt trains, and had found the main line between the cut and the dumps an amazing continuous belt of trains run at high speed, "making the dirt fly" at the rate of thirty thousand cubic yards a day. He grinned. They had only just started, he said.

He began talking of the loyalty and devotion of the working force; the incubus of incompetents and malingerers who had kept them all in a fret a year ago had been weeded out; the proportion of useless Jamaica negro workmen had been much reduced; the spirit of the job was one of hearty hustling. We laughed together over the healthful quarrels between division engineers over the crime known on the Isthmus as "kidnaping"; in their zeal to make a good showing engineers were stealing men from neighboring divisions by hundreds and even by thousands until the Big Smoke, secretly pleased, had to issue stern orders to stop the practise.

But the change came when I suggested that there must be a constant thrill of inspiration in the knowledge that this mighty force had been built up and was at its tremendous job because he had put it together. He couldn't feel any thrill at all any more, he said. To him it was all an enormous, weary, tiresome job of brute labor, day in and day out, and with nothing but a hole in the ground to show when it was all done. He broke off and began to talk about the weather. Later I made an effort to find out how he regarded the approaching awarding of the contract. I knew that he had joined with Mr. Shonts a year ago in urging the contract plan; I did not know that he had remained tacitly committed to that plan up to last December, nor did he tell me. When I asked what justification there was for bringing into the work, when it was all going so well and so smoothly, the endless complications which the employment of a superfluous contractor involved, I got very little satisfaction. It was clear that he agreed with me; also that he didn't want to say anything about it.

"You have too much imagination for me," he said to me once. "I haven't got as far ahead as imagining ships passing from ocean to ocean. I'm afraid that sometimes I wonder if there will be any traffic at all; if there is any good in digging a canal anyway; if it isn't all just a great big waste of health and money and energy. I guess I'm tired of it."

Then, as though in explanation, he told of the comments of friends from the United States who had visited him on the Isthmus and particularly of those of a Chicago railroad man.

"You're not an engineer, Stevens," said this man. "You are a combination financier, employment agent, archbishop, superintendent of schools, corporation counsel, board of aldermen, restaurant keeper, and diplomat—with a little engineering sprinkled in for seasoning."

No one, said Mr. Stevens, could well understand, without a visit to the Isthmus, how varied and trying was the strain which fell upon the Chief Engineer. This was not said plaintively, but apparently by way of justification for his weariness.

I went back to Panama, wondering how an article or a series of them by a score of writers could be framed which would make the people of the United States fully realize how great was this man's work—so that there would be an arousing of sentiment which would come back to him and cheer him out of his despondency and give him back his lost enthusiasm. Meanwhile he was writing out, in his letter to the President, all the things he had told me and many more, and was asking to be relieved from duty.

It is much more easy to understand Mr. Roosevelt's frame of mind on receiving that letter than it is to appreciate Mr. Stevens's frame of mind when it was written. In the first place, the President had appointed Mr. Stevens with one very clear understanding; I tell it in the words of one of the Chief Engineer's best friends and most loyal subordinates: "Mr. Stevens sent for me a few days after he had been appointed. I knew him only slightly then. He said: 'As you know, I am going to Panama. I want you to go, too. I have given



MAJOR GEORGE W. GOETHALS

Who is to have charge of the Panama Canal construction

only one pledge—that if I go I will stay until the job is done. Now will you stick? I said I would, and that was the only promise I ever made."

The resignation seemed to Mr. Roosevelt a deliberate repudiation of that initial promise, a repudiation made at a time when it was most embarrassing to himself and to the progress of the Canal.

But the statement in the letter which roused his most acute indignation was that in which Mr. Stevens, in attacking the advisability of letting out the work by contract, said that he had given the contract plan only his tacit approval, and that he had been thoroughly displeased with the contract idea. Shonts was the original advocate of the contract plan; he had brought Stevens to an apparent hearty agreement with his views. When the first draft of the contract was made Stevens wrote it. Changes were made afterward either by his suggestion or after his approval had been asked. December 12 last found Stevens in the President's office in Washington with a majority of the commission and several members of the Cabinet. The question was on the adoption of the form of the contract. The President had the document in his hand.

"Now," he said, in substance, "are we all agreed that this contract is satisfactory? Is there any change, large or small, that any one can suggest? Does it meet with the approval of every one of us? Let us not say: 'It is done,' if there remains in the mind of any one of us the slightest suggestion that it could in any way be improved." No one spoke. "Then it is done," said the President.

Stevens was present. If it had been his belief then that the letting of the contract was an unnecessary and cumbersome and extravagant way of building the Canal, he might have said so. The President would have been astonished and displeased. But those who best know his attitude of mind toward the Canal and Mr. Stevens believe that he would have discarded the contract and would have told Mr. Stevens to go ahead in his own way—and to be very, very sure never to do it again. Such a facing about would have been humiliating and

embarrassing. But it would not have been a blank disaster, as is the necessity for completely reorganizing the entire Isthmian administration.

But in the letter of resignation Stevens says that he gave the contract merely "passive approval," that he didn't like it at the time it was adopted, and intimates that he refrained from objecting because he thought there would be no use in objecting. The characteristics indicated in such an answer are so different from the man most of us believe to be the real Stevens that it is necessary to fall back on the effects of the climate and overwork for an explanation. The Panama climate has been responsible for many exhibitions of petty weakness, bad temper, and jealousy. It is even hinted that protests have come to Washington against the prominence given in the public prints to the wonderful work accomplished on the Isthmus by Colonel Gorgas; not the best engineering and administrative ability in the world could have made the Canal work as successful as it was a week ago had not Gorgas converted the Isthmus from a pesthole of the world into the pleasantest and cleanest winter resort that the world knows. At home with friends and daily newspapers all about, and quick communication and quick forgetfulness of momentary sensations, such petty displays of temper and jealousy would never develop. It is easy enough to decry them at Panama. But life at Panama is no more normal in its psychology and in its social exchanges than it is physically. And if men strong at home show weaknesses at Panama, we are not considering too charitably if we lay their trivial squabbles to their situations rather than to their personalities.

If the present plan is carried out the members of the new commission will not be allowed to wear themselves out. Goethals and Gaillard will relieve each other on the work by six months' periods. The President had sadly concluded that no man is strong enough to keep his vitality and enthusiasm for his task if he is kept working at his highest efficiency continuously in the tropics.

And the intensity of the born engineer is a wonderful thing. All great engineers are alike in it. They are animated by something like a hatred of so much of their work as remains unfinished. It was true of Stevens for three years. When that peculiar intensity of purpose is gone a man is no longer useful. Just when Stevens lost it we can not know. It was still with him when the President visited the Isthmus in November.

Did Stevens Regret the Contract Plan?

MR. PALMER tells how the Chief Engineer turned to him and complained almost bitterly that the Presidential visit, though a tremendous honor and a sentimental boost, was "interfering with the work and messing things all up." But there is reason to believe that he lost his grip on his return to the Isthmus after the December conference in Washington; the fulness of his victory over all the obstacles to the Canal struck him like a blow. He had watched the gradual growth of the efficiency of his machine; he had confidence in the final result. But when he returned after an absence in the States the summit had practically been achieved. Everything had gone well. His men had justified his choice. Dirt was going out of the Canal as fast as ever a contractor could make it. The Isthmus was a good place to live in. He had lived up to the reputation established for him by J. J. Hill, when Stevens left the Great Northern: "Stevens has spent some \$60,000,000 for me—but I've got back at least \$1.02 for every dollar of it." And yet—he had agreed to turn it all over to contractors who would carry it on and get rich by it. He would remain in charge, of course, to supervise the contractor—but the glory would be divided with the contractor; and any fault of the contractor, any dishonesty, would mean quarrels and disputes and appeals to Congress, and perhaps disgrace. He was too proud to retract so late in the day his demand for contract-letting. Yet his own engineers showed their regret that they were to be superseded in the actual construction work; every visitor from the States, mere travelers, newspaper correspondents, railroad men—all deplored it. And—

"The United States looks pretty good to me tonight."

How great is to be the disaster to the Canal? It will be untrue to human nature if the machine, deprived of the man who built it up, does not for a while go to pieces. Stevens's engineers have followed Stevens with a devotion almost fanatical. They have fought among themselves for his approval. They have driven their shovels and their drills like demons for the sake of seeing him smile down over their sections, and of hearing him say: "Good!" They have taught that same blind loyalty to their subordinate engineers and foremen. It is inevitable, now that they know that Stevens is going home tired and disgusted, that some, if not all of them, should turn from their desks in dumb dismay. The machine must be rebuilt, and for the most part with new human materials.

It is easy to believe, as visitors to the White House say, that the receipt of the Stevens resignation was the hardest disappointment which has come to Theodore Roosevelt since he became President. He has committed himself to the Panama Canal as the great feature of his whole administration. He has exhausted every means of waking the people to an appreciation of the immensity of the undertaking. And at the very moment when scandal and criticism had been practically silenced—there must be a new beginning. New men must be experimented with. On a smaller scale it is as it was with Lincoln when one general after another went out from Washington and failed to prove himself the Man. But, in time, the Man developed; the work was done. And in the two weeks which have elapsed since the blow fell the President has shown by his manner and his utterances that he has lost no bit of his confidence that the Canal will be finished in the allotted time, ten years, and that every American will be altogether proud of the way the work has been done.

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NORTH DAKOTA'S COAL FAMINE

INDIGNANT OUTBURSTS CAUSED BY FREEZING WEATHER, NO COAL, AND NO TRAINS

IF you were a North Dakota farmer with your last year's wheat crop rotting on the ground because there were no cars to take it to an elevator, with no coal to burn and the thermometer thirty or forty degrees below zero; if you were almost as dependent on the branch railroad which connected you with the outside world as a ship at sea is dependent upon its food supply and coal bunkers, and no trains came over this railroad; if you and your wife had to take shifts sitting up at night keeping a fire going with wood or by burning your own grain and straw, you might not approach the difficulties which the northern prairie winter brings to the railroads with a perfectly judicial and unimpassioned mind. Some of the North Dakota comments reprinted here may sound bizarre and frenzied, but the conditions were extreme. The farmers may be pardoned for believing that they were the victims of a deliberate railroad conspiracy.

"It is not a snow blockade or car shortage that deprives us of a market for our grain," wrote a citizen of Litchville, North Dakota, to *COLLIER'S*, on February 12. "It is a deliberate strike of the railroads against the people, for some purpose not now apparent. The results are appalling. Millions of bushels of grain heating and rotting under the snow. We beg your assistance and help to end this intolerable condition."

Strong Language from a Cold Man

"GOD ALMIGHTY," said one of the enclosed clippings from the "Litchville Bulletin," "did not create a special breed of folks who alone might have the exclusive privilege of buying a car of coal. In this land of the free and home of the railroad combines the man with the price ought to be able to buy a car of coal—or ten car-loads if he wanted to—and the sooner some very small potatoes masquerading as statesmen down at Washington get after this coal trust the easier they will feel next election day. We've the hard cash to buy coal enough to heat Gehenna one hundred degrees hotter than the thermometer now registers, and we've grain enough to run all the flour mills from Androscoggin to Yuba Dam."

"We want coal! We want flour! We want cars to ship our wheat out!"

"There has been no grain hauled out since about December 1. Granaries and elevators are bursting and at least one hundred thousand bushels are piled on the ground and in open bins covered with snow in and around the towns of Litchville, Marion, and Hastings."

"When laboring men strike and the traffic of the country is interfered with, the army of the United States comes to the assistance of the corporations. Now the railroads are striking against the people, refusing to move the commerce of the country—fuel and provisions are exhausted, and to the lay mind it is indeed time for the army to come to the assistance of the people and compel railroads to haul the commerce of the country."

"There are Congressmen, Senators, and others high in power in this glorious land of ours, readers of the 'Bulletin,' who are getting bald trying to increase their salaries or help out the Algerian crisis, or the sanitation of the Panama zone, or the rejection of the Japanese from the public schools of California. The railroads hauled forty million bushels more grain to Duluth and Minneapolis in the year ending December 1, 1905, than they did in the year ending December 1, 1906. They have more engines, cars, and trackage now than then. This is conclusive evidence that the railroads are on a strike against the people."

Burning Grain to Keep Warm

"DECEMBER 12, 1906.—On this day the last freight train reached Litchville."

"JANUARY 12, 1907.—On this day the last pound of coal and last stick of wood in Litchville was sold out."

"JANUARY 13, 1907.—On this day the last passenger train arrived with not enough coal to return on. It is still 'in our midst.'"

"JANUARY 16, 1907.—On this day Superintendent Burt promised that this branch would be opened immediately and fuel sent in."

"JANUARY 25, 1907.—On this day Superintendent Burt telegraphed this branch would be opened up in preference to all other branches on the Dakota division."

"JANUARY 29, 1907.—On this day Superintendent Burt telegraphed this branch would positively be opened within two days."

"FEBRUARY 8, 1907.—Branch still closed. Nothing doing."

"WILLOW CITY, NORTH DAKOTA,
February 15, 1907

"Editor COLLIER'S:

"DEAR SIR—You will find enclosed a pair of prints which will give you an

idea of the coal situation in North Dakota. Print No. 1 was taken on February 7 (5:25 P. M.), the first car of coal we had received in twelve days. On this date a number of people, including the writer, were burning grain, oats, and barley, and many were living in one room, while others had moved in with their neighbors. Print No. 2 was taken on February 9, on which date we received three cars of coal.

"I am enclosing a letter which speaks for itself and is an actual fact, as I was at the Great Northern depot when the five sacks of hard coal arrived, the express charges on same being \$12."

The letter mentioned herein was written by a citizen



One hundred and twenty-five teams, representing twice as many families, lined up alongside a newly arrived coal car. The dealer placed the limit at three sacks

of Bottineau, North Dakota, to a business firm in Minneapolis asking that coal be sent by express. It read in part as follows:

"The thermometer registers from 35° to 40° below zero daily, and blizzards are now in order most any day. Train service, both passenger and freight, is a novelty, and when we hear a whistle blow everybody in town sticks their heads out of the windows, as if it were a fire alarm."

"We are all out of coal, and can not get any for love

or money, and I can not be expected to freeze the little children out. Kindly have the coal people attend to the coal first, as we have to sit up nights in shifts, my wife and myself, to feed the stove with wood in order to avoid freezing. The wood supply is also getting mighty short. If we do not get coal from you or from somewhere we are in danger of freezing. God bless North Dakota."

"That the fuel question is becoming desperate in this city is no idle dream at this time. The road was tied up with a snow blockade for five days last week and the first of this, and what little fuel was on hand at that time has been used up and many of the town people are burning flax screenings, oats, barley, and other grain, and some are burning flax straw. One car of soft coal came in last night on the freight, but as there were over one hundred teams lined up on both sides of the track before the train got within two miles of the city it was not even a drop in the bucket, and did not last more than two hours, and not half of the people got at the coal at all. It was a dramatic scene in this city last night to witness the efforts of people to get a share of the coal, and many had to go away disappointed; but be it said to the everlasting credit of the people who reside in and about this city that there was not one word spoken nor an action that could have given offense to any. All conducted themselves like gentlemen and took their turn, which is a very pleasing contrast to the actions of people in other towns not far from here, where many fights are reported to have taken place over the distribution of coal."—*North Dakota Eagle*.

Difficulties of a Country Weekly

"LISBON, NORTH DAKOTA, February 2, 1907

"Editor COLLIER'S:

"SIR—Of interest to you Eastern editors may be the present conditions in the Northwest. The fuel famine and lack of food."

"We are on a branch of the Northern Pacific. Have had one train in two weeks. A combination passenger and coal train brought one car of soft coal and one of wood last evening. The fuel question is serious. We are on a wooded river—creek you would call it—and although the wood is very poor for heating purposes, it would keep us from freezing. There is a flour mill—so we shall not starve. Groceries, such as tea, coffee, and sugar, are still obtainable, but another week or two of storm would leave the grocers out of stock in them."

"But we are fortunate. There are many towns where there is no standing timber, and no flour mill, and where help must soon be sent. People are freezing in claim shacks."

"We believe the railroads to be doing all they can. When four engines, two on the snowplow and two on the train, must be used to get a train even ten miles, it takes time to clear up all the branches."

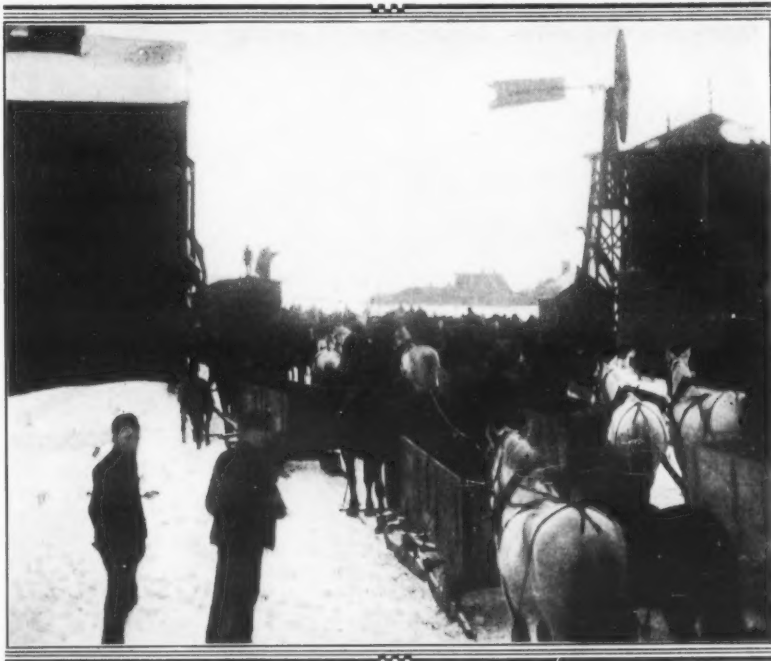
"We are getting out our weekly on patent outsoles two weeks old, which came on last night's train. Last week it was printed on book paper. The week previous on part white and part pink stock, which happened to be on hand . . ."

The severe weather which caused this distress began early in December, when heavy snow fell with a sudden drop in the thermometer. By December 12 the Kenmare line on the Soo road was blocked completely, and until February 4 there was not an inch of this line in operation. On that date one hundred miles of track were finally cleared. The cold continued until January 10, when the Northern Pacific and Great Northern managed to get all but a few branches of their lines cleared.

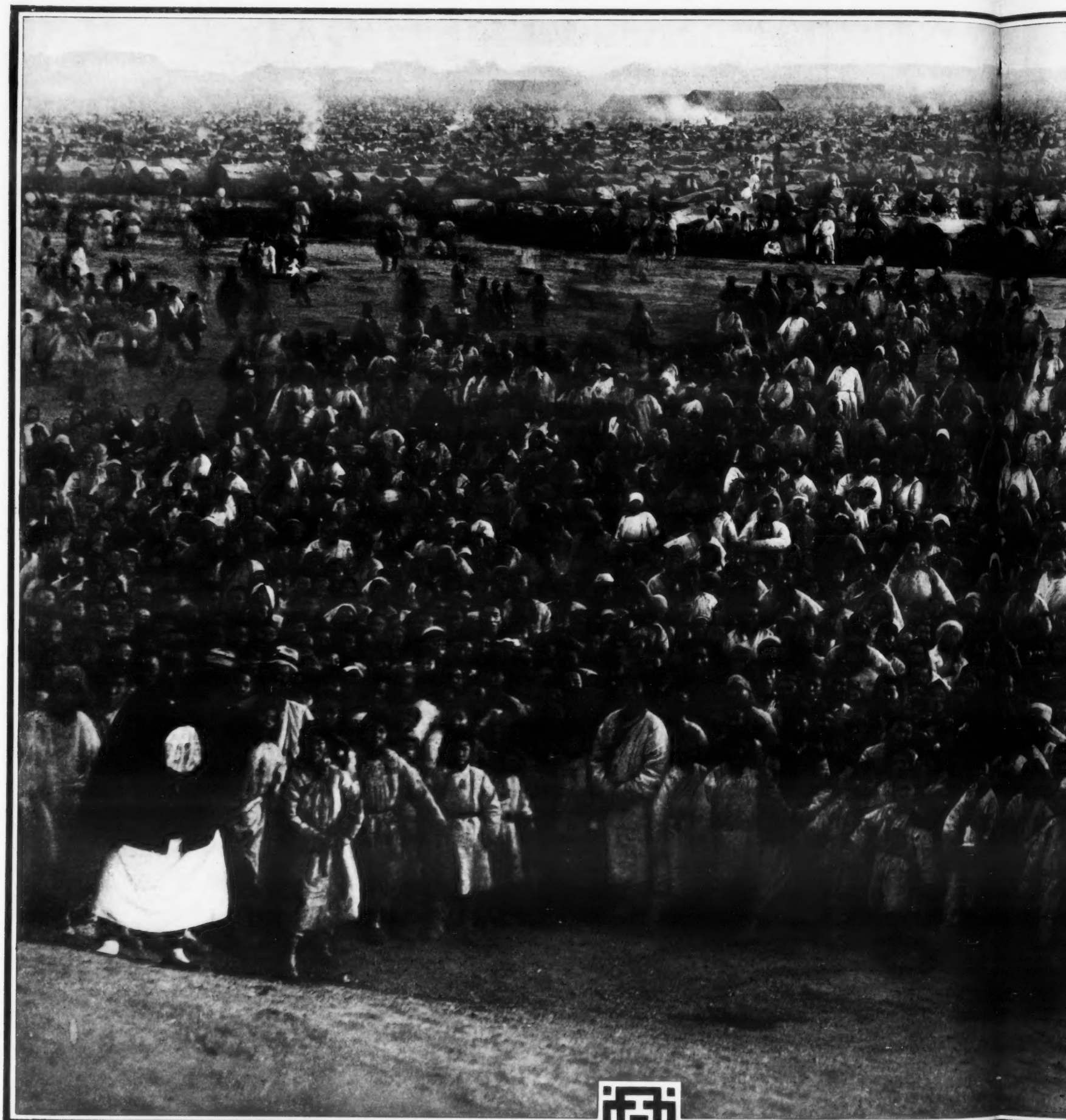
Snow-sheds and snow-fences worked well for a few days. Then the snow began to pile in. From mountain sides and from prairie it was blown alike on to the tracks. Drifts of a dozen feet high were encountered by trains. The mogul rotaries worked night and day, but the snow was too much for them. The thermometer went down to 18 below zero.

Why No Coal Came

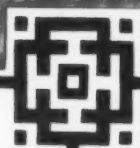
"WE are freezing!" cried the little towns on branch lines, which had not had a car of coal in weeks. James J. Hill sent Louis W. Hill, vice-president of the Great Northern, to the famine district. He reported by wire to his father that a coal combination had kept coal out of the territory. Five hundred ore cars and thirty mogul engines were sent. These were loaned from the Duluth, Mesabe, and Northern line and rushed filled with coal to Dakota. And by this time the average temperature in North Dakota was hovering around 20 below, with forty and fifty mile prairie winds blowing. The rotaries were powerless. The terrible wind had piled up drifts sixteen to twenty feet high, one hundred feet wide and one thousand feet long in a hundred or more places. Water froze in boilers of engines behind rotaries. Crews gave up from sheer exhaustion. Such was the story often repeated. Winter in the northern wheat country is not a thing to be considered lightly.



Line up of teams, extending over a quarter of a mile, waiting their turn for coal. This occurred at Willow City, North Dakota, on the ninth of February



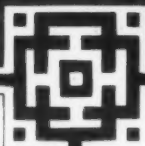
FAMINE REFUGEES—450,000 IN A SINGLE CAMP



AT Tsin-Kiang-Pu, on the Grand Canal, is the southernmost camp of the huge, hungry horde that is fleeing from the famine districts of Central China. More than 40,000 square miles in the rich dike-protected provinces of Kiangsu and Anhui have been stricken by floods. Rain fell incessantly for one hundred days, breaking the dikes and ruining the crops; 10,000,000 people have felt the pinch of hunger, and more than a million have left their homes and traveled to concentration camps near the cities. A visitor to Tsin-Kiang-Pu writes:

"I saw a huge warren of little mat-huts, of a shape like the tilt of a traveling wagon. They shelter families which number anywhere between five and twelve persons. About these shelters were gathered a crowd whose appearance beggars





SWARMING FROM THE MAT-HUT WARRENS



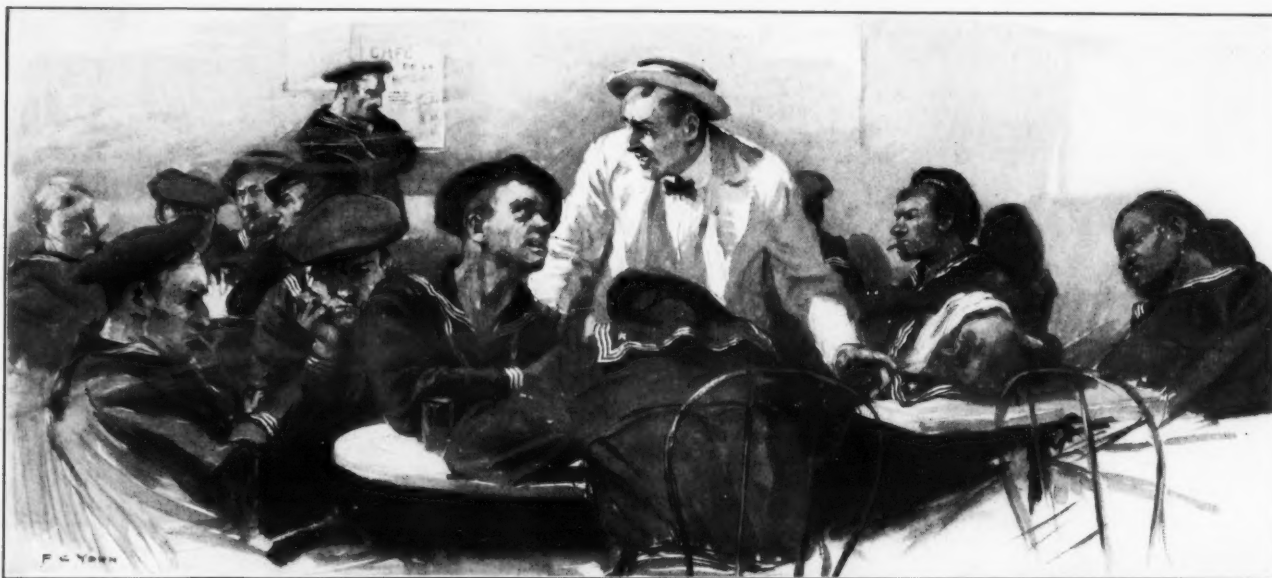
description . . . They sat in the sun and searched and scratched; they squatted over their pots of every shape in which the handful of rice which forms their daily ration was cooking; they rambled here and there, their eyes on the ground looking for anything edible or burnable. Cold as it was, the camp reeked. But filthy and ragged though they were, you realized that they were human beings—to be cared for somehow.

"Famines in China have occurred with monotonous frequency. They have hardly been noted. They are part of that great country's tragedy. While millions have died in famine camps such as this and now lie rotting on every country hillside, four hundred millions of China's people still live in the fiercest competition for the bare means of supporting life."



THE BIG ONE

HE SUSTAINS THE HONOR AND GLORY OF THE AMERICAN NAVY



By STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

LEF! right! left! right! left! right! Shorty and Patrick and I were marching, with the verve and precision of a close-locked Macedonian phalanx, upon the Heart of Coney Island. Small boys darted across our way, skipping aside, avoiding our superbly firm advance as pedestrians, for fear of being run over, shun the inflexible forefront of a marching regiment. Best girls, in transit from one huggsome aerial railway to another, dragged their perspiring escorts to a halt and—gum-chewing momentarily suspended—feasted their eyes on my gallant companions. Patrick's impressive bulk drew out one piping juvenile "hooray!" and Shorty's impudence at least one secretly delivered smile. So we progressed grandly, amid admiration both patriotic and amorous, ourselves appreciating at that moment all the world and particularly ourselves.

The good white battleship *Oklahoma* had brought these two back again, varnished by Southern sunshine and tingling with pent-up energy and pay, to this reunion. Together, at our meeting, we had felt the imperative need of surroundings extravagant enough to match our extravagant desires; of a garishly-gorgeous, musically-blattant environment fitting for proper celebration.

Now the one place in all the big city most nearly appropriate lay directly in our path. The blinding radiance from its great gates, as from the open doors of some mammoth furnace, shone into our expectant faces. Our eyes were dazzled pleasantly by the profuse, fiery architecture which rose above those gates against the hot black sky. That was a bewildering garble of spangled domes and towers, quite such as those capable Arabian jinn of lamps and bottles must have evolved, between two days, for their astonished masters. And out from that glowing, magical region of promise came to greet us, on the tepid breeze, innumerable discords of joy. In them we recognized frantic music from military to aboriginal, falsetto shrieks of delicious terror experienced aloft and at full speed, the merry rattle of vast, airy machinery, the detonations of invisible powder-play, the incessant brazen clack of urgent voices promising every marvel.

But most distinct amid this uproar, keeping time for us as we descended swiftly upon it, was beaten out the cadence of some unseen band of music:

Boom! (rest) Boom! (rest) Boom! (a double rest) Boom! Boom!

At that incentive, Shorty suddenly began to drag down upon one arm of mine. Half crouching, without any consideration of inevitable spectators, he advanced so with a peculiar, nimble toe-and-heel shuffle. With lips puckered, wearing an expression of great severity—the proper facial accompaniment, no doubt, for such antics—he whistled windily, in time, a jaunty fragment somehow familiar and exotically suggestive. Tall Patrick, for a wonder, caught the tune and joined in it, with an excessive exercise of flats and sharps. From whistling it, at remembering more accurately with every step, they came to singing futile snatches of it, such as:

"Boom! Ha, ha! Boom! Ha, ha!"

And then, all at once we all remembered the chorus of it together. And in our exultation at that feat, entirely throwing shame to the winds, we arrived grandly before the Heart of Coney Island, locked abreast and

singing for all who chose to hear, with an atrocious butchery of the French in it:

"Tra, la, la, la, la!
La-la-la! La! La!
Voilà les Anglais,
Boom! Ha!
Boom! Ha, ha, ha!"

At that furious conclusion I stopped short with a thrill of bewilderment. I understood the sources of the Eastern patter which these two used; fragments of cheap geisha ditties and various treaty-port doggerel. But here was something quite different, recalling vividly for me some smoky little Continental prose-nium framing some pert chanteuse in spangled skirts. And how incongruously, therefore, this chic gossamer fragment, so unmistakably "made in Paris," issued from my sailormen's lips! It promised, I felt sure, something else as incongruous; it was impossible that so unique an allusion should be unconnected with some tale equally unique.

And finally my opportunity came. Tired from exercising our enthusiasm, we drifted into a certain reposeful shelter to recuperate. We sat at table, aloft upon a glittering balcony. Below us, in a circus ring hanging over a lagoon and spattered by grotesque fountains, gay equestrians succeeded performing polar bears, and were succeeded by vivid acrobats. But we, sated of vastly more sensational sights, watched nothing now except our tobacco and the haunting waiter. Then it was that, choosing a time of long silence, I ventured:

"That little French song—I've been wondering where you got it. It sounds like Paris."

"Oh. That was Nyce—should say Neece—last Mediterranean cruise. Ah! Well I remember now. 'Twas in a theater on—what's that Roo all decked out wit' little chairs an' tables?"

"Rue Masséna?"

"Imagine his knowin', now! Sure, in a theater on Roo Mass'na. A vury trashy, unsubstantial little theater. (D'y'e mind, Patrick, how that box-office just lit'rally come apart in the Big One's hands?)"

"It is a story, then," I said.

"What!" cried Shorty shrilly. "We've not told you that yet—about the Big One?"

Forthwith we all slid further into comfort, struck matches and rapped on the table. And finally, Shorty, his sly young face glimmering at recollection, discoursed to this effect:

"**B**EGINNIN' proper, there was four to our little party: the Adm'ral's Flagship, two small perfected cruisers, an' us. We come from Naples to Nice, just movin', so's the Adm'ral could get his stummick properly over the Eyetalian hospitality an' fit to go up against the French. Poor ol' man, the anchors wasn't hardly up before some crool-hearted pokentate or other up an' slings a banquet at him. He wobbled, but he came back game, at that; that same night he falls for it like a hero, takin' all the capt'n's wit' him, out o' spite. As his barge passes our ship, goin' in, the gun-deck quartet was singin', vury soft an' appropriate: 'Good-by, my liver; good-by, my liver; good-by, my liv-e-e-r! (hold it) I'm goin' to roon you now!'"

"Or so I'm told; for just then Patrick an' me was otherwise engaged. We was ashore, too, wit' some

two hundred liberty men from all ships, under strict orders to smile continually an' be back—mind ye—on the stroke o' one bell—half-past eight, that evenin'.

"An' about one bell that evenin'—"

"You've skipped a lot there," I interrupted reprovingly.

"Of course I have. For why? What interest's the preliminaries alongside o' the finished product? I'm passin' over the usual, uninterestin' part to show you Patrick an' me as we was at one bell—a couple o' highly finished products."

"Speak for yerself then," said Patrick severely. "I was no more than feelin' comfortable."

"Comfortable! How so, wit' no skin on yer nose?"

"I was peelin' from sunburn, ye little shrimp, an' it's well ye know it."

"You were sunboint, I know, an' well peeled, I know. But not peeled from sunboin, Patrick, for little Shorty seen that done. You'll deny, I s'pose, when you hoid that sweet singin' up that little street, puttin' yer moiderin' hunderd an' ninety pounds up on my shoulders an' stickin' yer impident red head into that window an' gettin' that plate broke across yer face—"

"Shorty, you've had enough to-night, I'm thinkin'," said Patrick, nodding with simple dignity.

"Oh, well, I won't pursoo. To resume:

"About one bell, then, just when we should 'a' been bendin' our minds dootfully on the launch, obsoive us skatin' down that Roo of open-face caffays, arm in arm wit' a poifect stranger who was beggin' us in English to call him Poicy. 'You must call me Poicy,' I remember him sayin', 'or I shall be cross wit' youse. An' you must talk to me continually; it's like a whiff o' little ol' N' York to hear youse. Dear little ol' N' York!' he howls out in a tremblin' voice, stoppin' up an' gettin' quite a crowd about us. 'Dear little ol' boig, what I ran away from in me folly! How youse boys bring it back to me! Oh, speak again,' says he, claspin' his two hands like a shine on the stage. 'I could cry just listenin'.' An' to prove it he done so, just a speck."

"I can't exactly figger out where we'd collected that young feller . . . but he was a boid, for fair. All poisoned up in a white flannen suit an' a straw hat wit' a ribbon to it that looked like a string o' new signal flags. That soich-light on his finger, Patrick! A big cake of ice was broke, all right, when that ring was hoisted together. / seen he was the genuwine goods, but Patrick, gettin' that ring into his eye, he had his doubts if it was come by honest."

"What did you run away from in N' York?" he ast the dressy guy, insinuat'ly.

"From woik, Horace, if you'll pardon me callin' you so," says the guy, leanin' up against Patrick vury confidential. 'From a crool parent,' he says, 'who threatened me wit' woik. Excuse me, madam,' he says, knockin' over a tableful o' drinks onto the sidewalk and bowin' to a waiter in a white apron. 'My mistake,' he says, skinnin' some o' that white French money off a roll as big as yer arm. 'Go buy yerself a trooso an' a bridal sweet.'"

"The ship at half-past eight? What a chance!"

"We wanders off from that an' presently we come to a fine, shiny little theater all stuck over wit' lights."

"Oh, goody!" says this Poicy, clappin' eyes on it. 'I'd clean forgot this—an' how pash'nately I love the dramar!' he says. 'We must get wise to this, wit'out delay.' The next I noticed the three of us was 'p

against the stage in a private box an' a waiter was strainin' his back over three bottles of—"

Shorty's voice was properly impressive as he uttered that wonderful, thrilling word to conjure with in certain social strata:

"—Wine!"

"But that theayter! Well, for me, at that particular moment it was just about what the doctor'd ordered. Innum'able mixed French, dippin' into beers an' little glasses full o' cherries. Smoke everywhere, to make it homelike. Down in the orchestra I seen Jack Stubbs an' a friend from the flagship gapin' up at us, like we was so many dooks. I think that there Poicy thought he was, at that. For instance, at that 'Boom, ha, ha!' song. (She was a swell singer, that goil; she was got up in the best part of a dress, an' every time she shrugged her shoulders Patrick jumps an' cries: 'Look out!') As I was sayin', at the finish o' that song, while all the French were yellin': 'Beese! Beese!' an' near tearin' the seats apart, this Poicy, pouncin' on a waiter, says he:

"'Horace, if you'll pardon me callin' you so,' he says, skinnin' the roll again wit' quiverin' fingers, 'take thishere an' hop out an' buy the lady a thousand red, red roses, an' see they're poicetly fresh, an' that's what I think o' her,' he says. It's plain to see he didn't much care what he done to father's money, that young man."

"'Twas after her, I think, they hangs out a new sign, an' on the sign we reads:

"'Museer Pol Patoot.'"

At that name Patrick abruptly altered his pose and, I suspected, made ready to kick Shorty under the table. But he changed his mind; for, smiling a little ruefully, he lay back with closed eyes, eloquently though mutely expressing resignation. For an instant I searched my memory, repeating:

"Patoot — Patoot — Not the savate fellow — the fighter?"

"Don't tell me you ain't seen him!"

"He was beaten for the championship of France last year, in Paris—"

"A lumpy, hard-lookin' duck in a skin-tight bathin' suit, like? But the face on him! When he marches out to music Patrick had to hide from laughin'."

"His real face, at that," from Patrick, opening one eye. "His head clipped nakid all over . . . but I think it was the whiskers done it. Faith, the way he was mutilated he looked like he'd fell asleep in the barber chair, an' when he'd woke up they'd got scared an' hid the glass on him."

"Oh," Shorty remonstrated. "But the other guy! Lookit, now; after him out steps a little small valen-

which is five hundred francs. But as an oinest of good faith, so's no one's pleasure will be spoiled, if possible, Museer Patoot is willin' to put up the five hundred francs here an' now, if any one can find anywhere a gent to fill the vacant corner. All welcome, none barred. Who wins takes the money. Nothin', if not handsome, hey?"

"At that point of it, Patrick here uncoils himself vury delib'rate an' sits up."

"'I'm wrong somehow,' he says, takin' tight a-holt of Poicy. 'It can't be possible.' He looks over at Museer Patoot an' begins breathin' hard. 'Convince me, Poicy,' he says, 'that I am not asleep som'eres. How much,' he purrs, 'is five hundred francs, real money? Is it not a hundred dollars? Is it not equal, in bald langwudge, to the staggerin' sum o' two thousand beers? Youse should not 'a' brought me into this place,' says Patrick, peelin' his overshoot over his head an' throwin' it onto the floor. 'This is no place,' he says, gettin' a leg over the edge o' the box, 'for an Irishman, wit' advance pay drawed an' spent,' he says, standin' up on the stage, feelin' of his knuckles an' smilin' simply horrible at Museer Patoot."

"Patrick?" I asked quickly.

"Fairly straight for him," replied that sandy giant grudgingly. "What else would I do, havin' it waved in me face that way? No one stopped me."

"The best heavyweight on the ship? Not likely," cried Shorty. "I didn't use no efforts to-wards stoppin' him. Lookin' at that comical Patoot feller, I didn't have but one fear. I says to Poicy, who was sittin' back just dazed wit' delight:

"'Poicy,' I says oinestly, 'if you know the woids, tell your bare French friend to make over the money an' beat it while his shoes is good. I'm afraid we'll all be pinched for manslaughter.'"

"'Me stop it?' Poicy cries out, wit' tears o' joy sparklin' in his eyes. 'Not for all papa's got!'"

"An' the crowd! Honest—well, woids ain't sufficient. Patrick'll tell you."

"Little I seen; them futlights is turrible—"

"But the fight—"

"Well," said Shorty, for him suddenly thoughtful,

it seemed to me, somehow, that just then Museer Patoot was standin' on his hands. An', just followin' that, a turrible crash o' breakin' fiddles. . . . It was Patrick, slingin' himself upside down over the footlights an' in amongst the band."

"Back in the box, wit' a piece of ice on his head, his foist woids were:

"'Where are we now? Are we out safe?'"

"An' then, gettin' his bearin's, he cries in a heart-breakin' voice:

"'The moiderer! He kicked me wit' his feet!' An' would you believe it, that's just what he'd done. His idea o' fightin'!"

"Of course, the savate."

"My little name for him was wiose, an' longer by three joints. Mad? I was half onto the stage wit' a bottle before that Poicy grabs me back."

"'Leave go o' me,' I says. 'What rules is these?' I says. 'Me friend never signed to go up against no mule,' I says. 'Leave me at that dago wit' this; thishere seems a very free sort o' place; I guess bottles ain't barred,' I says, 'no more'n feet.'"

"But Poicy: well, if I was cross, him likewise, but in another way. He jumps up on the edge o' the private box an' faces that mob, all lyin' back, roarin' at us wit' laughter. Just the bright-red, blazing face of him choked 'em off. Teeterin' on the edge, he takes that fat roll out of his pocket an' skins it down till he'd counted it. Then shakin' it at 'em he roars out, in the French langwudge:

"'In the woids o' the foist Adm'ral o' the Amurican navy: Licked? The Hell! We have not yet begun to fight! Five thousand francs at youse, if I do not find, before midnight to-night, an Amurican sailorman to make Museer Patoot look like what the cat dragged in!'"

"Say, it went. For a minute they sat so an' then the air was full o' hats. On the stage I seen Museer Patoot supportin' that little mis'erable pitcher o' woe who'd leaned against him, bein' natch'rally delicate, at the bare sight o' so much o' the ready."

"'Poicy,' I says, slinging me arm around his neck. 'Rash youse may be, but if you lose I can see it go willin'ly after thishere moment!' Says he, slappin' his vest an' takin' me hand:

"'Horace, if you'll pardon me callin' you so, we will not lose it. The Amurican navy,' says he, 'stands betwixt it an' them.' We didn't need nothin' more, us two tablos, but a little red fire an' a band playin'. 'Oh, say!' an' a pitcher of Adm'ral Dewey throwed onto the coitains behind us."

"Jack Stubbs an' his flagship friend, not quite understandin' what, come bouncin' through the French an' done a wall-scalin' drill into the private box, so's



"Shakin' it at 'em, he roars out:
"We have not yet begun to fight!"

tine in a dress-suit an a bran' new, more turrible class o' whiskers yet. The poor homely feller—no one hadn't the heart to laugh at him. I was just sick wit' shame for him. I could 'a' killed his barber fer him wit' relish."

"This poor little sketch, ye see, he lines up wit' Museer Patoot an' puttin' one hand up on his shoulder, he gets off a speech to the crowd, in French. Poicy translatin', it run like this:

"'There was a match on between Museer Patoot an' another party, but it's off. The other party has changed his mind. He's home or elsewhere takin' excell'ent care of his face. The match goes to Museer Patoot, wit'out a gesture, together wit' the poice,

"ye'd hardly cali it a fight; for, you see, they wasn't only one blow landed anywhere. Will youse both pardon me if I seem to skip some here? For instance, all about Poicy, on the edge o' the box, arrangin' our end. . . . An', where Poicy says: 'Horace, is it agreeable to you that youse both use the rules o' your respectif countries?' Patrick, wrestlin' wit' the gloves an' answerin': 'Rules? Ha, ha! so bold an' gay. . . . An' that mis'erable little, dress-suit guy sayin': 'Ally' an' steppin' back.'"

"Go on," said Patrick grimly. "Why stop up now?"

"Well," continued Shorty slowly, "what happened I didn't rightly see, an' I'm pretty quick at that. I did see Patrick hoist back his right, for a swing . . . an'

to be at hand if it come to the woist. Between the bunch of us we woiked Patrick out into the front o' the house—"

"Enough o' that, now," interjected Patrick severely.

"I was next to meself by then, as yez know well."

"Well, we got him on the street an' no lives lost. An' there we runs slam into the arms o' some twenty boys from all ships, hesitatin' about the door an' peekin' in an' wonderin' wasn't there anything needin' them inside. There's instinck for youse!"

"Now, when they'd hoid, perhaps they wasn't for quick action!"

"'There's two dozen here,' bawls out a red-eyed chicken of a carpenter's mate off the Flagship."

'There's enough here,' he says, wavin' his dooks in the air, 'to lay this place in sickenin' rooms!' The half o' them was for that in a minute. It's lucky there was a middle-aged bos'n's mate there, more'n half sober, to holt 'em back. An' Poicy—it was Poicy straightened it out fin'ly.

'Friends all,' says he, gettin' 'em around him. 'Look at this right. That Museer Patoot in there must purish, but he must purish legit'mately,' he says, just like that. 'We have three good hours yet till twelve,' he says, draggin' out a gold chronometer that looked like a gingersnap, both sides stickin' together, an' where the guts of it was Gawd only knows. 'Three hours? Who wants more? What?' says he, warmin' to his subject. 'Can we not in three hours find an executioner for him, kill him, bury him, have his tombstone carved an' up, an' grass an' flowers flourishin' on his grave?'

'We can,' they howls, 'an' will!' An' we went soigin' up the middle o' the street, wavin' an' arguin' an' near comin' to blows over who it'd be. Along the sidewalks on each side tramples a mob like the fringe of a p'rade, anxious to miss nothin'. Can you imagine it? We jammed the traffic where we marched. Horses took to the side streets at the mere look of us. Oncet a carriage, wit' the horse boltin', comes tearin' into us an' bounces over that Flagship carpenter's mate, takin' him vury neat across both ankles an' the small of his back. Perhaps he was pleased, that little guy, when he jumps up! He chased that driver for his life. But pretty soon he comes back where we was waitin' for him, wit' a more contented look, wearin' a lap robe an' a patent-leather sto'pipe hat, badly broke in on top. From that, we proceeded without mishap.

'From follyin' up this clue an' that, finally in a little caffay (what's that open place all full o' trolley cars? Oh, yeh! Plass Mass'na) we routs out a guy named Olsen. A big, fierce barr'l of a sailorman off the Flagship, that looked like he could digest a Museer Patoot every mornin' to his breakfast. We told him everythin'. Says thishere Olsen, wit' a pityin' look:

'Is he waitin' there now?'

'We told him yes.'

'Leave me at him,' he says, an' starts off walkin' back so fast the most of us had to trot to keep up wit' him.

'On the way we run into Jack Stubbs an' his friend, oom we'd lost somewheres on the way. He was towlin' somethin' he'd just found, a big black coon off the perfected cruiser *Carson*. That coon, he had a back like a W. T. door an' hands like two bunches o' brown bananas. They hung down an' flapped against his knees. Just lookin' at him made me overjoyed there wasn't nothin', not even a bowin' acquaintance, betwixt him an' me, to get strained by any accident.

'When Stubbs seen us he set up a yell an' shoved this vision into us. 'Well, fellers,' he says, almost hysterical, 'here's a Mister Black wants to join, no one objectin', which I hope no one won't at a time like this.'

'In line wit' you, Mister Black,' says Poicy, slappin' him most democratic on the back an' then lookin' at his hand, quite astonished, like he'd smacked it up against a fence. 'Mister Olsen foist, Mister Black second, who next?'

'I beggie pardon,' lisps Patrick here, 'but I must seem to crowd meself into foist place, owin' that Frenchman somethin' particular. Not to be impolite,' he says, 'but the one disputes me right to that, I can wait the livin' soul out of him here an' now,' he says.

'Would ye believe it, almost before that theyater we found still another? His name was Ignatius McConnelly O'Hara—also a Flagship prodduck—an' he comes drivin' by to song, lyin' back in an open hack wit' his feet up by the driver. When we hailed him an' he unlimbered an' got out—take me oat', I think he could near 'a' stepped over the horse. We told him. He peers at the theyater, but says nothin' at all unnecessary. Only hands his money an' pipe to a friend, spits on his hands an' in we go. The lobby was full o' them ratty French police in their dinky little capes; I think the management was ready for anything, however terrible. But us—we paid wit' the utmost decorum an' entered vury soft an' polite, wit'out even brushin' up against a soul.'

SHORTY paused here again, and moodily began making wet rings on the table with his glass.

'If you don't mind,' he said finally, 'I'll again drawer somethin' of a veil over what I can't understand.'

'It took, in all, just thoity-five minutes countin' preliminaries an' intermissions, which took thoity. It was just pitiful, an' that's the fact. Patrick an' the big Swede was able to walk away, after, wit' assistance. The Dark Cloud was carri'd. Ignatius McConnelly O'Hara—they tell me the Flagship doctor made quite a feller of him in time.'

'We filtered out from there. We scarcely hoid the cheerin', or seen the French tearin' each other's clo's for joy as we past through 'em. We was just froze. We stood on the sidewalk, huddled up like sheep, starin' at each other an' sayin' nothin'. Fin'ly some one sent the wounded to the landin' an' towed the rest of us into side streets, away from the grins. Comin' on a little, lonely caffay there, we stumbled in an' filled it. Will I ever forget that pitcher? Twenty sailormen scrouched down in twenty little eyron chairs, starin' at each other like they was disgusted at what they seen.

An' Patrick, lyin' out on a marble table wit' a cold towel over his nose. An' Poicy, sittin' up on another, wit' his head tipped, lookin' off into the air, more'n interested, as if he seen his five thousand francs just fadin' into the horizon, three points off the end of his cigarette.

'Fin'ly Poicy speaks up.

'Boys,' he says, 'I won't believe it's over yet. Think of another name.'

'Yah!' snarls that Flagship chicken, sittin' up, 'think of a name an' add yer own, hey? What's this, a kissin' game?' Patrick rises on his table quite sudden, droppin' the cold towel off his nose, an' hands that young feller a smack.

'Treat the gent right, you lobster!' he roars out, 'he's losin' more'n you ever saw together.' The carpenter's mate picks himself up, abashed like, an' goes into a corner. Says Poicy again, beseechin'ly:

'Well, can't youse think of a name?'

'Why, Jeffries,' says some one wit' a sickly laugh. 'No need goin' outside the Soivice on that course,' says I, not thinkin'. 'Tom Whalen, back in N' York, was a sailorman oncet.'

'The next I knew, Poicy was standin' by me wit' his hand sunk into me shoulder, starin' at me an' quiv'rin' all over.

'Horace,' he whispers, 'recite that name to me again?'

'Not know Tom Whalen!' I says, misunderstandin'. 'Ain't never read the sportin' page? Never in Whalen's place, on Fourteenth Street, an' you a N' Yorker—'



"He never hesitated there to pick no flowers; he went right on through"

'Contain yerself,' says Poicy, his eyes shinin' quite remarkable. He snatches out his watch. 'Ten-thoity now,' says he, 'an' the bet holds good till midnight. Mates,' he cries, wheelin' on the bunch, 'we'll do that yet. I'm off! Don't hold me; I can't wait here; I've woiik to do. An' never fail to meet me,' he says, leanin' over an' puttin' a finger, beside his nose, 'in front o' that theyater at five o' twelve; for on me woid of honor I shall prodooce the goods as specified. Youse two I want,' he says, snatchin' at me an' Patrick, an'— 'Off wit' us,' he shouts an' drags us after him through the door an' out. An' the next thing, all out o' breath, the three of us was lyin' all over each other in a cab, behind a horse runnin' away up Roo Mass'na.

'The rest comes foggy,' continued Shorty after a moment's thought, 'like pitchers on a screen. I can't believe I was party to the whole of it. Sometimes I'd think I'd dreamt it—if it wasn't for Patrick here—'

'There was one bit, where we fell out o' that cab beside some tremenjus whitish hotel all dressed wit' lights an' palm trees, like. An' people runnin' here an' there in the dark, an' Poicy shakin' foist one an' then another, yellin' in their ear:

'Me car! Me car! Me driver! Me driver!'

'Crazy in the head,' says I, fargin' close after, expectin' every minute to catch him frothin'.

'Presently he got a-holt of one little guy all got up in leather, an' I thought he'd have the life out of him.

'Where's the car?' he yells in this little guy's ear, shakin' him somethin' terrible. 'Don't tell me it's apart again, an' you wit' a widdered mother to support at home! After it wit' a crank, if you plan on livin' a minute!'

'An', next pitcher—'

'The four of us, in a great, fat, screechin' aut'mobile, out o' the town an' whistlin' through the evenin' air. Chasin' a soichlight path, cuttin' an' twistin' between trees an' fences that slung themselves at us out o' the dark in a way to make yer stummick crawl.

'Gawd look down!' I hears Patrick moimurin' to himself, where he sat wit' me in the waist of her. 'We're all dead men. Where to—that is, before the flag-draped fun'ral gratin?'

'Ahoy, for Monte Carlo, miles away!' sings out Poicy from the bridge, where he sat. 'Oh, boys!' he cries, toinin' on us. 'Don't youse know that Thomas Whalen himself half-broke the bank there yesterday?'

'Then, at last, I seen. Till then, I'd just admired Poicy's money, but *there*, I got stuck on Poicy.

'Yeh, but that one trip'll last me fine; I'm willin' to call it me entire aut'mobile career. I ain't particular to tune no harps just yet, but give me for mine a torpedo boat ridin' a winter howl in mid-Atlantic, wit' the

engines broke an' the torpedoes cut loose an' thrashin' about below, an' the next ship over the skyline. I'll take my chance on her, but not again wit' Poicy an' his devil-wagon. Nex' day I picks out five gray hairs. An' when I sneaks up behind Patrick on the gun-deck an' just casu'llly says: 'Honk! Honk!' he toins like a flash, wit' a shout o' fright, an' chases me upside down into the office. Yeh. Oncet behind Poicy done fine for us, all right.

'I ain't no guide-book, so if the streaks I seen that night was scenery, leave 'em go undiscribed. We never seen a town till we was through it, an' three we split up the back I know of. An' then, at last, we come coivin' around beside the sea, throwin' ourselves at a swath o' lights spread out ahead like a dressed fleet at Oyster Bay. An' Poicy cries out:

'Monte Carlo! So, pitcher three—'

'There we sat still in that turrible, pantin' machine before the most super place. King's palaces! Beside that there resort they'd all look like a string o' Sands Street hot-dog stands. Gardens, fountains, statues, lights winkin', music playin' smooth an' soft somehow to give you little pains inside—hell! If I was a poet, wit' the woids to sling—'

'The Casino!'

'Take the money. The Cas'no. An' Poicy had dove inside, the moment we'd slowed down, it's well we knew what for. Ooh! the suspense of it! An' som'eres I seen a lighted clock; it was eleven three!

'After hours, like, he comes out, leadin' some one—a human house—crowdin' the door, pushin' his chest a foot in front of him. That moment! It was Whalen. It was the Big One.

'Comin' down the steps, says the Big One, almost fretful:

'I take it unkindly,' he says. 'I was winnin' big. I was tearin' the bank apart. Me vury seat at the tables was woiith five hundred francs. An' here youse come, takin' the bread out o' me mouth.'

'Thomas, says Poicy, leanin' on him implorin'ly, 'that Frenchman has licked our Fleet. Four fine big boys we put up against him, an' he kicked the fight clean out of 'em, one by one. All Nice is laughin' at the navy, Thomas. How will we go back an' tell it to the goils at home, on Fourteenth Street, amongst the artificial palms?'

'Ah,' Patrick interjected here, 'the gifted tongue he had, wid that one touch!' Said Shorty:

'The Big One hangs tremblin', an' then—'

'Give room, there!' he shouts, an' slammin' his hat tight he climbs aboard an' drives himself in betwixt us. 'Skidoo, youse,' he calls down the little leather guy's neck. An'—brrrupp!—off we go from a standstill, home-bound, wit' a roar like the rapid-fire guns breakin' loose aloft.

'An' when, lackin' just three minutes o' midnight, we come slidin' to a stop before that theyater again!

'We'd made a necessary little toilet on the way; the Big One had on Patrick's clo's an' Patrick, in exchange, had his own undershoit an' the Big One's pants to keep him in countenance to some extent. At that—an' Patrick ain't no small man, you know—the Big One had split Patrick's overshoot all across the shoulders, an' his chest, wit' the blue ship an' all sails set, sticks out the front of it most negligay. An' that same ship, wit' all sails set, was the foist thing our old bunch on the sidewalk seen when we piled out. By just that they knew, before they seen his face; an' I think the yell must 'a' been hoid on board.

'The house was packed tight; we couldn't hardly get him down in front. But he wasted no time, oncet there. We seen him climb up on the stage, rubbin' his arms just like of old. Museer Patoot come out for the last go, to oin his five thousand, smilin' an' blazay, as to say: 'Must I go through wit' thishere foolishness again?'

'The little whiskery guy, just like before, he says, 'Ally!' an' grins an' steps back.

'Museer Patoot advances in a deat'ly silence. He makes a bluff wit' one arm, an' then suddenly he kicks the Big One a moiderin' blow in the jaw.

'The Big One almost cracked a laugh. Never puttin' up his arms at all, he stands lookin' at Museer Patoot like he was some curiosity. Then he says, kind of tickled—every one hoid him; you could 'a' hoid a fly eatin' his dinner:

'Well,' he says, musin'ly, 'you cute son-of-a-gun!'

'Museer Patoot looks vexed. Quick as a flash he drops on his hands an' lands two more wit' his feet: one in the ribs an' one on the chin. The Big One, just jarred a little—oh, scarcely noticeable—but all at oncet he stopped lookin' pleasant.

'An' then, just as Museer Patoot was risin', prob'ly wit' the intention o' viewin' the body an' takin' the applause, suddenly some one just natch'rally toined the lights out on him. There was a vury pretty back-scene to that stage: a mossy dell, if I remember. Museer Patoot, he never hesitated there to pick no flowers; he went right on through.

'An' to tell the truth, what wit' the excitement an' the noise an' the dust that followed, I forget the rest.

'Except comin' up the port gangway out of a row-boat at daylight, vury cautious, like a tightrope walker, wit' Poicy's white flannen coat on, an' me overshoot pocket full o' champagne corks, an' wearin' a brown doily hat sumptu'sly marked inside, in gold letters: 'T. W.' Which stands for 'Thomas Whalen,' don't it, from Nice to Fourteenth Street, Manhattan?'



PLAYS OF THE MONTH

By ARTHUR RUHL

THE theatre world is busy these midwinter nights. Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern offer their Shakespearean repertoire, Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell," the "Jeanne d'Arc" of the young American poet-playwright, Mr. Percy Mackaye; that supreme egoist, "Peer Gynt" finds an interpreter in Mr. Richard Mansfield, himself one in whom the "I" is not absolutely suppressed; Miss Ellen Terry, enveloped in the aureole of happy memories, is with us again, bridging the gap between the heyday of her "Beatrice" and "Nance Oldfield" and these new-century days with Mr. Shaw, the latest of the late, and his "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." There is Ibsen for those who will, well, even superlatively, acted—Norwegian author and Russian player here effecting a novel combination; there are the Germans, Hauptmann and Sudermann; the Dutchman, Hermann Heijermans; the Austrian, Schnitzler, whose "Liebelei"—translated into "The Reckoning"—shows the tragic underside of that Viennese sparkle which was exhibited in his "Souper d'Adieu" two seasons ago by Mme. Wiehe, and sung at the Irving Place in the bewitching "Das Süsses Mad'l"; the British Mr. Jones's "The Hypocrites" abides solidly where it began the season; our own Mr. Moody's "The Great Divide" still remains, holding up its head with the best of them. Miss Beulah M. Dix, another of the home folks, having written a good deal of swashbuckler days, now turns about, and in "The Road to Yesterday," with the help of Mrs. E. G. Sutherland, intelligently and very amusingly pokes fun at them. And this is forgetting Miss Robson's well-written, well-staged, and exceedingly well-acted Bret Harte "thriller," "Salomy Jane," Miss Barrymore and "Captain Jinks," the witty Mr. William Collier, and so on down the list—or up, for it really is not an exact science—to the syncopated Cohan and "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model." Are these then such parlous times?—surely it scarcely seems the psychological instant to lament the sterility and stupidity of our stage.

An Old Friend with Us Again

NO one who has made the acquaintance of Lady Cecily Waynelete need wonder that Mr. Shaw had Miss Terry in mind when he wrote "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." Lady Cecily was "between thirty and forty, tall, very good looking, sympathetic, tender, and humorous. . . . A woman of great vitality and humanity, who began a casual acquaintance at the point usually attained by English people after thirty years' acquaintance, when they are capable of reaching it at all." She had the typical Shaw disrespect for courts of law, military escorts, and all signs of conventional authority and "got on" with everybody by assuming that they were quite frank and truthful and kind, and treating them accordingly. She would have said "Good-morning, sir," to a roaring lion and complimented him upon his mane. "I've been among savages," says she, "cannibals and all sorts. Everybody said they'd kill me. But when I met them I said Howdydo? and they were quite nice. The kings always wanted to marry me." All men she looked upon as children in the nursery; and in her hands, and under the influence of her sweetness and perfectly impossible candor and perfectly logical way of putting the most illogical things, they became as such—even that unbranded maverick, Brassbound. Her brother, Sir Howard Hallam, the judge, was, she said, "one of the most harmless of men—much nicer than most professional people. Of course, he did dreadful things as a judge; but then if you take a man and pay him £5,000 a year to be wicked, and praise him for it and have policemen and courts and laws and juries to drive him into it, so that he can't help doing it, what can you expect?" When she caught a burglar she shut him up in a room with a window opening on the lawn, and the next day the poor man came back and said he must

return to a life of crime unless she gave him a job in the garden. Which she did—and it was much more sensible, Lady Cecily thought, than giving him ten years' penal servitude. When the Moorish Sidi who had captured their party offered to release the others and accept her in payment she said she would be delighted. "You are mad!" gasped Sir Howard, "do you suppose this man will treat you as a European gentleman would?" "No," answered Lady Cecily, sweetly, "he'll treat me like one of Nature's gentlemen; look at his perfectly splendid face."

Miss Ellen Terry as a Modern

AND so Lady Cecily tamed Brassbound, and, as the little Cockney Drinkwater put it, "mawched 'em all to church lawk a bloomin' lot of cherrity kids." It is easy to see how all this would fall into Miss Terry's buoyant and sweetly imperious way. Some of her ancient admirers, gloomily conscious of the "real womanly woman behind the artist," unable to think of her comfortably except as in the high Cambyzes vein, assert that she is wasting her time on such empty, rattling stuff as this. That doesn't seem reasonable at all. Lady Cecily is not a real person, or Shaw would never have been her creator, but even though she is only a sort of point-of-view dressed up, a Shaw man in skirts, summer hat, and automobile veil, she is a very delightful collection of qualities; as far as she goes, a very dear sort of person indeed. Miss

Terry may miss a line now and then, have an occasional absent-minded moment when it seems as though she scarcely thought it worth while to bother, but the old buoyancy and charming wilfulness carry it through. What sort of rôle more happy than this for an actress whose greatest triumphs are behind her, a lovable and much beloved woman—one in which the woman persists in all her charm, while the recurrent flashes of an art so fine and quiet that it seems all but involuntary recall without marring the impressions of memory?

Out of the dignified repertoire of Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern—a conjunction of plays and players, which, all things considered, comes near to representing American stage art at its worthiest and best—Mr. Percy Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc" stands with a special local interest. The deficiencies of the drama are obvious enough, for it is scarcely, structurally speaking, a drama at all—rather a series of episodes or chapters in the life history of the Girl of Orleans. And this is said without meaning that it is in the least one of those horrors of horrors, the sterile conglomeration of noisy rhetoric and armor-junk, which makes up the average "historical play." It is merely that it lacks any organic dramatic theme, any definite clash of wills, to make it dramatically vertebrate. The nearest approach to this is the relation between Jeanne and the student D'Alençon, who sees and pities her as the simple shepherd girl when all the rest are worshiping her as a sort of god; later, to save her life, as he thinks, shakes her belief in her divine mission, and in the end, when it is shattered indeed, restores her faith and leads her to execution, calm and unafraid. The great thing that this young American has done is to make the shepherd girl of Domremy mean something more beautifully real than, on the stage at least, she has been before—make us see the girl that D'Alençon saw, and at the same time hear the voices and feel the mystery and power that Jeanne heard and felt. In this sense, in so far as that abstraction which we know as Joan of Arc is infused with life, re-created with all her human sweetness and candor, all her half-divine wonderfulness and power, the play is, indeed, an organic whole, a complete and beautiful thing. Mr. Mackaye has a poet's imagination and a dramatist's instinct, and he also seems to have what poet-dramatists sometimes do not have, the sympathies of a very human sort of man.

Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern

BOTH Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern appear at their best. Mr. Sothern's grace of diction and manner find congenial material, and the sombre, intellectual D'Alençon is less marred than most of his work is nowadays by that cloying, dulcet melancholy with which he so often insists on weighting every gesture and word. Miss Marlowe's strong, sweet beauty and the simple, salient outlines of her face seem made for such a part as that of the vision-seeing shepherdess. She could not quite resist gaining the easy sympathy of the audience by exaggerating Jeanne's physical weakness in the battle scene, but her work, as a whole, was simply and nobly done.

Among the lesser flights already mentioned, "The Road to Yesterday" has the novelty of being both a play and a literary satire. The audience first meets a group of contemporary people in a London studio. In the next act—later to return—they are put back three hundred years into the Elizabethan bodies from which their souls had migrated. The heroine is the only one to retain in her new personality her modern point of view, and her chagrin when her transmigrated hero derides a fork as "that new-fangled Italian invention," and the innkeeper, who has never heard of coffee, offers her beer for breakfast, suggests the point of view of this somewhat cambric-tea-like but intelligently amusing play.



Miss Eleanor Robson in "Salomy Jane"



E. H. HARRIMAN EXPLAINING HIS RAILWAY DEALS TO THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION IN NEW YORK

The Commissioners, from left to right—Franklin K. Lane, Judson C. Clements, Martin A. Knapp, C. A. Prouty, James S. Harlan. E. H. Harriman seated at the right



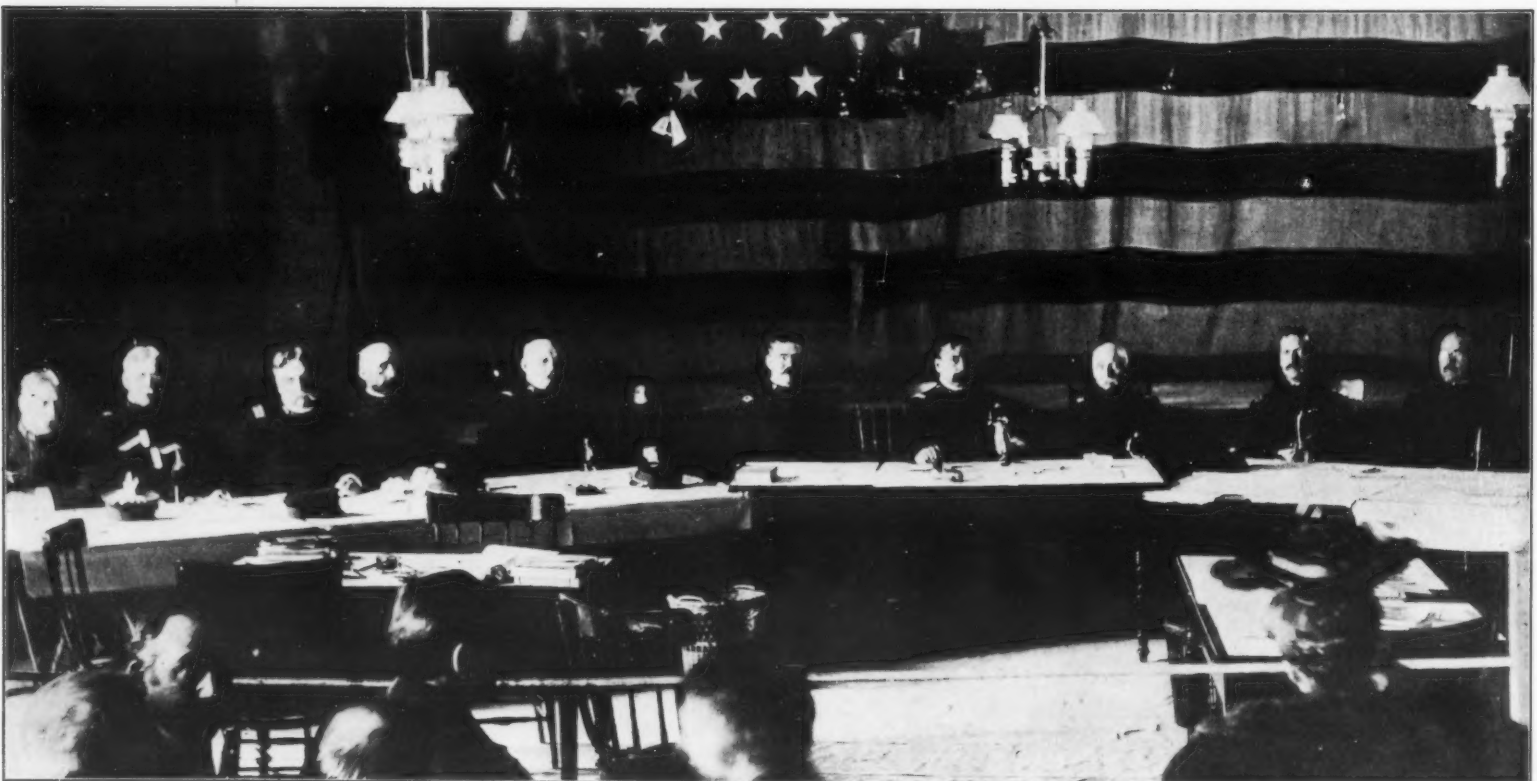
Pennsylvania Railroad wreck near Johnstown, Pa., February 22



Ambassador Bryce arrives



Chinese laborers on the way from Canada, "in bond," to Panama



MAJOR CHARLES W. PENROSE ON TRIAL BY COURT-MARTIAL FOR NEGLECT OF DUTY AT BROWNSVILLE

As a result of the riot on the night of August 14, 1906, when some negro troops left their barracks, "shot up the town" of Brownsville, and returned without detection, Major Penrose will be tried by these officers: From left to right—Major John H. Gardner, Major Charles J. T. Clarke, Major Charles W. Taylor, Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Baker, Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred C. Sharpe, Lieutenant-Colonel Louis M. Maus, Colonel George Le Roy Brown, Lieutenant-Colonel Edw. J. McClelland, Major Hamilton S. Wallace, and Major Henry D. Snyder

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WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

HARRIMAN CONJURING

A TYPICAL tale of high finance was told by Mr. E. H. Harriman on February 26 in describing the reorganization of the Chicago and Alton Railroad for the benefit of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It appeared that a syndicate headed by Mr. Harriman bought 97 per cent of the stock of the Alton in 1899 for \$40,000,000. The road was then capitalized at \$39,935,887, on which it was paying 7 and 8 per cent. On October 1, 1899, the reorganizers issued \$40,000,000 of 3 per cent bonds, doubling the entire capitalization at a stroke. These bonds to the amount of \$32,000,000 went to the stockholders at 65, and the members of the reorganization syndicate therefore secured 97 per cent of them at that price. In the same month the syndicate managers turned over \$10,000,000 worth of the securities to the New York Life Insurance Company, in joint account with Goldman, Sachs & Co., at 96, and later they sold \$1,550,000 worth to the Equitable at 92 and 88. The rest were sold at 90 or above. On these transactions the profits were about \$8,000,000. The reorganizers then paid themselves \$6,669,180 under the name of a dividend of 30 per cent on the stock. This dividend was paid out of the proceeds of the \$40,000,000 mortgage on the ground that some twelve million dollars spent on improvements in the previous twenty years and paid for out of earnings should have been charged to capital account.

The road was then reorganized and taken over by a new company. The syndicate received \$10,000,000 in cash for its preferred stock, which had cost it \$6,944,400. For its 183,224 shares of common stock it received 194,890 shares of preferred and 195,428 of common in the new company. It also unloaded upon the company for \$3,000,000 a little railroad which had cost less than a million. These operations were financed by a second mortgage for \$22,000,000, the syndicate taking 3½ per cent bonds to that amount at a little under 60. The proceeds of this loan amounted to \$13,000,000, all of which went back to the syndicate in payment for its preferred stock and its little railroad. Mr. Harriman and his associates then sold these bonds at over 80, netting a new profit of over \$4,000,000. The various items of profit to the syndicate foot up about \$24,000,000, not counting any gains on the ledgermain of the common stock. In seven years the capitalization of the Alton was increased from \$39,935,887 to \$122,872,000. Of this \$60,000,000 was clear water.

The syndicate which performed these feats was composed on its face of George J. Gould, E. H. Harriman, Mortimer L. Schiff, and James Stillman, each holding 54,535 shares of the original purchase. But behind these, it seems, was a larger syndicate, composed of about a hundred firms and individuals unnamed.

These facts were extracted from the witness with some difficulty, and sometimes in a rather indefinite form. In a statement of his own, issued after the examination, he explained that the financial operations of the syndicate were undertaken to enable the road to reduce the interest on its loans, improve its property, and reduce its rates. He said that the net result of the operations of the company had been "to promote the territory served by it, to expand its business by threefold at a reduction of rate that was 30 per cent greater in 1898 than in 1906."

This Alton affair was one of very minor importance in Mr. Harriman's great financial plans. It was so small that there was even mention in it of such trivialities as an item of two million dollars.

EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT WITH CARTOONS BY F. T. RICHARDS	
CONTENTS	
Harriman Conjuring	23
Our Island Ward	23
Railroad Homicide	23
Pillory for Mollycoddles	24
The Hard Task of Schmitz	24
A Hundred Million Deficit	27
Chicago Democrats Want Dunne	27
The Two-Cent Fare Fad	27
Victory for the Conquered	28
Smoot Still Senator	28
Rockefeller's Fortune Shrinks	30
"Corrupt and Contented"	30
War in Central America	30

"You did not keep an account of a little matter of \$2,000,000?" the Commission's counsel asked apologetically. "A little matter of \$2,000,000 doesn't amount to so much one way or the other," Mr. Harriman responded loftily. Yet even such trifles as this have their use in showing how things are done in what Mr. Cromwell recently described as that "higher sphere which we may not hope to enter."

OUR ISLAND WARD

THE closing days of the Fifty-ninth Congress brought a new victory to President Roosevelt. By a vote of 43 to 19—just two more than necessary—the Senate ratified the treaty legalizing the management of Santo Domingo's finances by the United States. Hitherto, in the absence of Senatorial authority for his action, the President's proceedings in Santo Domingo have been strictly informal. He has not appointed collectors of customs, but has recommended suitable men who have worked under the authority of the Dominican Government. Now he will be able to act openly. The treaty gives legal recognition to the plan of having the Dominican revenues collected by American agents, who are authorized to deposit \$1,200,000 a year for the benefit of the public creditors. The Government of Santo Domingo is now receiving \$2,000,000 a year for its own purposes, which is twice as much as it got from its own officials when they were supposed to give it everything they collected. The President of the United States is to be allowed to appoint the general receiver of customs without submitting his name to the Senate.

Although this treaty does not greatly differ from the one the Senate held up for years, no Republican Senator voted against the President when the final test came. The vote was almost strictly on party lines. Two Democrats, Clarke of Arkansas and Patterson of Colorado, voted for the treaty, and one, McEnery of Louisiana, was paired in its favor. Senator Bacon of Georgia expressed the apprehension that the course we were embarking upon would lead to the annexation of Santo Domingo and Haiti and the introduction of a million more negroes under the Stars and Stripes. This idea seems to have been responsible for much of the Southern opposition to the treaty.

RAILROAD HOMICIDE

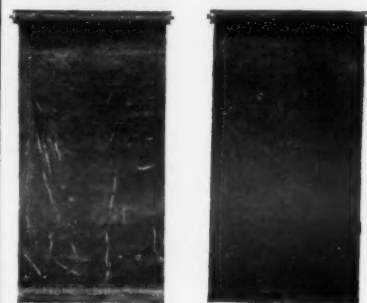
THE incessant stream of railroad accidents is getting on the nerves of the American people. Before the dead of one disaster have been buried the maimed of another crowd the hospitals. While the coroner's jury was still at work trying to fix the responsibility for the massacre on the New York Central near Bronx Park, the Pennsylvania's Chicago flyer jumped the rails on a curve in an exactly similar manner and three Pullman cars rolled down an embankment sixty feet high into the Conemaugh River. By a miracle nobody was killed, but every one of the sixty-six passengers and trainmen in the cars was injured. These things are only samples. Some accident, more or less serious, is happening somewhere not only every day but every hour. In fact, that is an understatement. The whole American people are beginning to share Mr. Hill's feeling that the man who starts on a railway journey is undertaking an enterprise of unknown perils.

Railroad officials are complaining of the hostility they have to encounter at the hands of the public, of legislative bodies, and of prosecuting officials, and lay the blame on the disturbing personality of President Roosevelt. They might better look nearer home. Rebates, stock-watering, and other financial jugglery have had something to do with this hostility, but it is doubtful whether any mere matters of business would have been able to stir up a good-natured and tolerant people to the bitter enmity from which the corporations are suffering without the help of some deeper, more human stimulus. Such a stimulus is found in the brutal, callous disregard of human life on the part of American railroad officials everywhere. This murderous indifference is nothing new. It is part of the inherited traditions of American railroading. Mark Twain noticed the contrast with European practise forty years ago, and wrote in "The Innocents Abroad":

"No, they have no railroad accidents to speak of in France. But why? Because, when one occurs, *somebody* has to hang for it. Not hang, maybe, but be punished at least with such vigor of emphasis as to make negligence a thing to be shuddered at by railroad officials for many a day thereafter. 'No blame attached to the officers'—that lying and disaster-breeding verdict, so common to our soft-hearted juries, is seldom rendered in France."

In the month of January and the first three weeks of February of this year there were fourteen serious railroad accidents in the United States, besides scores of minor ones. That list just fails to take in the terrible disaster at Terra Cotta, near Washington, which happened two days before the beginning of the year with the loss of fifty-nine lives and injuries to sixty persons. Three days after the Terra Cotta wreck thirty-five persons were killed and forty wounded on the Rock Island at Volland, Kansas. On January 19 the Big Four had two great accidents in Indiana in a single day, one at Fowler, where an engineer ran past signals in a fog at full speed, and the other at Sandford, where a carload of powder blew a passenger train off the track. One of those affairs cost twenty lives and the other thirty-two, with ten and thirty-five wounded respectively. On that same day a Rock Island train ran into a wash-out near Bureau, Illinois; an Atchison locomotive exploded on a bridge near De Soto, Kansas, destroying the bridge and throwing the engine and fourteen cars into a creek; a freight train collided with a passenger train on the Atlantic Coast Line near Denmark, South Carolina; a Lake Shore suburban train was wrecked at Hammond, Indiana; two

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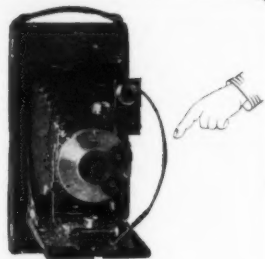
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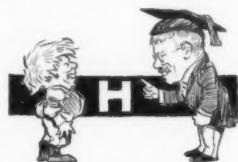
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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

freight trains collided on the Indian Harbor Railroad; the Winnipeg Flyer of the Great Northern went to smash ten miles out of Minneapolis; two freight trains had a rear-end collision on the Worcester and Norwich division of the New Haven Road, and a passenger car on the Boston and Maine was knocked off the track by a train of empties. These were merely such of one day's happenings as were considered important enough to be described in print.

It is of no avail to say that this or that disaster was an "accident"—a case of bad luck, unavoidable by any human foresight. The awful statistics, written in red day by day, week by week, month by month, year by year, and decade by decade, eliminate the idea of accident as completely as in the mortuary tables of an insurance company. This or that man may die unexpectedly, but the company knows that on the average so many thousand persons will die in a year. When the American railroad system kills or injures 58,185 persons in 1900, 61,794 in 1901, 73,250 in 1902, 86,393 in 1903, 94,201 in 1904, and 95,711 in 1905, it is plain that some underlying cause is at work. That cause is that the managers of the system do not take any serious interest in saving life. The same situation exists in the street railroad field, and if its casualty figures were included the totals would be still more appalling. The evidence at the inquest on the occasion of the Bronx Park wreck showed that no calculations had been made to show whether the rails at the curve would stand the extra weight of the electric engines. Professor Earl B. Lovell of Columbia, testifying as an expert on that occasion, said that under the conditions an accident was eventually bound to happen at that point and that it could have been prevented by proper precautions.



PILLORY FOR MOLLYCODDLES

The President tells Harvard to stick to football, and warns her against mere critics

ON February 23 President Roosevelt added a new portrait to his Rogue's Gallery of obnoxious personalities. The "mollycoddle" took his place in the album along with the weakling and the coward. The occasion was a visit to Harvard, where the President addressed the students at the Harvard Union. He appealed to loyal Harvard men to foster the spirit of real democracy. As an aid to such a spirit he commended athletics—the kind of athletics in which each man played something for himself, not that in which he merely looked on at the performances of some great champion of sport. "And I emphatically disbelieve," he declared, "in seeing Harvard or any other college turn out mollycoddles instead of vigorous men."

The President added that he did not in the least object to a sport because it was rough. He thought it "simple nonsense, a mere confession of weakness," to desire to abolish a game because there were things connected with it that showed the need of reform.

Not only are athletics in general good, because they tend to develop courage, but in Mr. Roosevelt's opinion they are especially good in their rougher forms.

From these sentiments, so congenial to a youthful audience, the President proceeded to a solemn warning against oversensitiveness, overrefinement, unfitting the victim for the "rough hurly-burly of the actual work of the world." "In a Republic like ours," he said, "the governing class is composed of the strong men who take the trouble to do the work of government; and if you are too timid or too fastidious or too careless to do your part in this work, then you forfeit your right to be considered one of the governing and you become one of the governed instead—one of the driven cattle of the political arena."

The doctrine of State rights as a shield to "protect State corporate creations in predatory activities extended through other States" was vigorously condemned, and the men, many of them college men, who were prompt to criticize every practical step in the warfare against special privilege and yet could not themselves outline any plan of constructive statesmanship that might give relief were scornfully reduced to their proper places. Harvard students were exhorted to avoid "barren criticism" and "fruitless obstruction"—to be "doers, rather than critics of the deeds that others do."

The President's address, especially that part relating to athletics, was greeted with enthusiastic applause. Unfortunately President Eliot was not there to hear it, being engaged at the same time in delivering a speech of his own to the Canadian Club of Ottawa in praise of peace and in advocacy of international arrangements for the reduction of armaments.

THE HARD TASK OF SCHMITZ

California's peace envoys accused of treason by advocates of Japanese exclusion



WHEN Mayor Schmitz and his party left San Francisco to confer with the President on the Japanese question they carried parting warnings that if they yielded a single hair of the demands of the Exclusion League they might as well take up their permanent residence in the East. The progress of their negotiations was punctuated with telegrams to a similar effect. They won a most remarkable diplomatic triumph, securing advantages in the way of coolie exclusion that seemed utterly impossible when the President sent in his emphatic message denouncing San Francisco's attitude. In exchange for a trivial concession in the schools to a few young Japanese children familiar with the English language they obtained a law providing for the stoppage of the movement of Japanese laborers from Hawaii and foreign countries to the mainland of the United States with the prospect of a treaty settling the whole immigration question. But the agitators in San Francisco demanded all or nothing, and threatened to receive the Schmitz party



The ELGIN for All

The name ELGIN embraces many grades of watch movements—all of superior time-keeping qualities.

The grades differ in price according to the cost of construction—each grade being the best watch value for the money.

The man who wants an accurate watch, at a popular price, should buy the G. M. WHEELER Grade ELGIN—

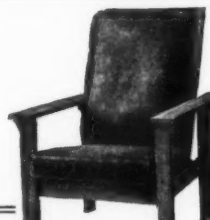
"The Watch that's made for the Majority."

17 jewels; adjusted to temperature; micrometric regulator.

This ELGIN Watch can be had in the desirable models and sizes suitable for men and boys.

ELGIN Watches of equal grade for ladies, at moderate prices.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.,
Elgin, Ill.



\$500

Solid Mahogany

The Whittelsey System

makes this special offer of this handsome solid mahogany Morris Chair for \$5.00, without cushions. This chair is very roomy and comfortable. We want you to try it so you can see how simple the Whittelsey System of Knock-down furniture is.

Saves You Over 50%

on your furniture expense. We furnish every part of the material to finish the piece, you do the rest. No tools are needed. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. The finishing is not work, it is fun and recreation that gives results.

Solid Mahogany Furniture

is our specialty. Send for our new catalogue No. 123 and order this chair now.

Whittelsey System Furniture Co.

Steinway, New York City, N. Y.



A Three Thousand Dollar Crow

This crow—larger size—was printed in two colors—red and black—on a thousand cards and mailed locally. It brought \$3,000 worth of business. It is but one of over 300 one and two color successful advertising cuts shown in "THE HERRICK CUT BOOK"—for business firms. Every cut has a headline to help you to prepare your copy. For 25c business firms will receive all the "Herrick Cut Books" published within the year. Two now ready. Third number ready March 15. Send 25c today.

THE HERRICK PRESS

Artists Printers Engravers
969 Fine Arts Bldg. Chicago

MONOGRAMS



FOR AUTOMOBILES
And all Other Uses

Illustrated Catalog
Upon Request

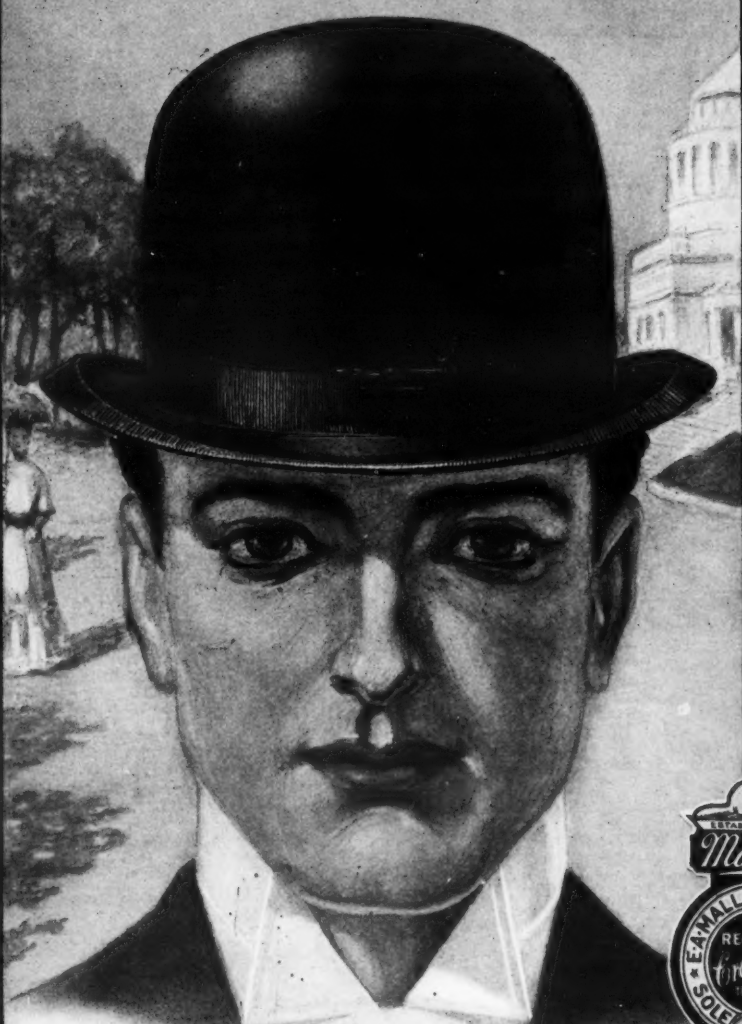
J. W. Colgan Co.
509 Sudbury Bldg.
BOSTON, MASS.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Mallory

CRAVENETTE HATS

Sun Proof



STYLE



and

Rain Proof



SERVICE

The Mallory Cravenette Hat is like the product of other first class hat makers in that it has unquestioned quality of material, refined shape and exclusive, correct style.

The Mallory Cravenette Hat is different from all other hats whatsoever, because it has been made rain proof and sun proof by the Priestley Cravenetting process which we control for all hat fabrics.

All the approved shapes and styles in Derbies and Soft hats, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00.

For sale everywhere by the better class of dealers. In Greater New York and Philadelphia by John Wanamaker.

Send to Dept. C for our Free Booklet of Hat Styles for 1907

E. A. MALLORY & SONS, Inc.

Established 1823

Astor Place and Broadway, New York
FACTORY, DANBURY, CONN.



Safety Heating

The house and contents may be sadly damaged by fire, yet not destroy the usefulness and value of our Steam



and Water warming outfits. Not only that, their durable construction and safety features compel a lower insurance rate on houses, stores—ALL buildings—fitted with

AMERICAN & IDEAL
RADIATORS & BOILERS

Several million dollars property loss is annually laid to fires caused by old-fashioned heating methods forced or strained to the utmost on bitter cold days to make rooms habitable. Buildings outfitted with IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are freed from this risk—fires can only result from outside causes—that is why our outfits are used even to warm powder and dynamite factories, Government forts, battle-ships, etc., etc. They outwear the building.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are made in sizes to fit all classes of buildings (3 rooms to 90 rooms), OLD or new, FARM or city. A child can care for the outfit. Keeps the whole cottage or building warm—and avoids dust and ashes in living rooms. A permanent investment, not an expense; the coal savings soon pay for the outfit.

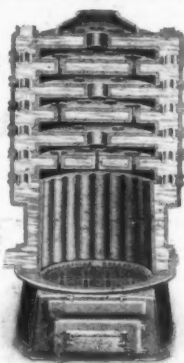
ADVANTAGE 3: Every inch of fire surface in IDEAL Boilers is backed by water, which greedily absorbs the full heat and hurries it along through the hollow, double walls of the boiler and through the piping to the hollow, beautifully ornamented, graceful AMERICAN Radiators stationed at convenient points in the rooms above. It is this water backing of every tiny portion of the heating surface which makes these outfits so economical in fuel burning, so sure in heating efficiency, and prevents their ever wearing out.

Write today for valuable catalogue (free) setting forth the full ADVANTAGES. Sales branches and warehouses throughout America and Europe.

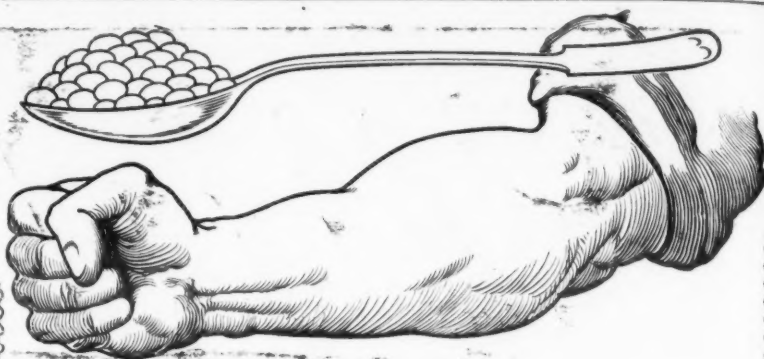
AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 31

CHICAGO



Boiler cut in half to show hollow casing filled with water, which extracts the full value from every pound of fuel burned.



Eat Beans for Strength

ONCE a week, at least.

Beans, you know, are among the most nourishing of all foods.

Great tissue-formers,—fine Muscle-makers!

Rich in Nitrogen and Proteid,—two of the most expensive and necessary factors in food.

Beans contain 23 to 25 per cent. of Nitrogenous Proteid, while Beefsteak contains only 20 per cent., and Bread 7½ per cent.

Beans used to be comparatively indigestible.

Because, as ordinarily treated and cooked, they were so dense-fibred that the Juices of the Stomach could not penetrate them sufficiently to fully digest them.

But that is all changed now, since the "Snider Process" of treating and cooking Pork & Beans was invented.

Snider Beans are rendered porous and absorbent by this Process so that the Digestive Juices of the Stomach can fully enter, and act on, them while they remain firm, cheesy and toothsome.

They are mellow, fine-textured, and deliciously flavored with that Seven-spiced Tomato Catsup which has made the name of "Snider" famous.

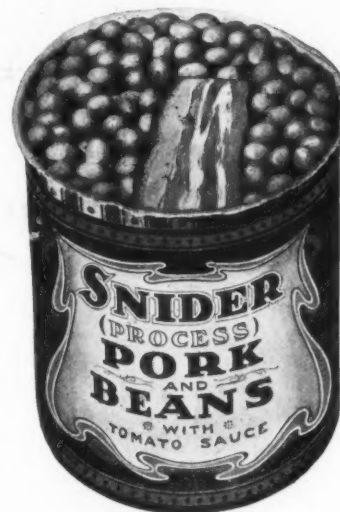
Just get a tin of "Snider-Process"

Pork & Beans to-day, and try them.

Your money back from the Grocer if you do not find them the best you've ever eaten.

This advertisement is your authority for the refund.

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co., Cincinnati, O.



Drop it, kick it, or if you can think of a more severe test of safety, please make it—we accept any challenge. Our exclusive patent safety lever is the reason why accidental discharge is impossible, and it lifts the

IVER JOHNSON Safety Automatic Revolver

out of the "went off-by-accident" class. This lever must be in place before the revolver hammer can touch the firing pin and can only be raised when you purposely pull the trigger.

Our Booklet "Shots" Mailed Free It's full of firearm lore; gives important facts that every owner of firearms should know, and goes into the details and illustrates by sectional views the peculiar construction of the Iver Johnson.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver 3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim fire cartridge, 32-38 center fire cartridge, \$5.50

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver 3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32-38 center fire cartridge, \$6.50

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS, 146 River St., FITCHBURG, MASS.

New York Office: 99 Chambers St. Pacific Coast Branch: P. B. Beckett Co., Alameda, Cal. European Office: Pickershuben & Co., Hamburg, Germany. Makers of Iver Johnson Truss Frame Bicycles and Single Barrel Shotguns

2 PASSENGER RUNABOUT \$400

The smallest in cost—smartest in appearance—simplest of operation—cheapest to maintain. Ideal for town and country service—for physicians, business men, etc. Reliable on any kind of road. 4 H. P. Air cooled. Speed 22 miles an hour. With 2 cylinder 8 H. P. Motor \$450. Send for catalog B. Agents wanted in unassigned territory

Waltham Orient MOTOR CARS

WALTHAM SERVICE CAR \$450

Makes quick, sure delivery. The cost of one team—the work of three. Built to stand the wear and tear of business in city and country. Particularly designed for grocers and kindred lines. Weight 670 lbs. Capacity 600 lbs. Speed 4 to 18 miles per hour. With 2 cylinder 8 H. P. Motor \$500. Send for catalog B. Waltham Manufacturing Company, Waltham, Mass.

Fireside Hospitality

When the chill North winds drive us to our fireside, it is then that we seek our friends and strengthen the ties of good fellowship.

Bright converse, merry laughter, dainty collations with

NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS

as the alluring tidbit to linger on the palate, deepen the impress upon the memory of charming hospitality.

In ten and twenty-five cent tins.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

with an ovation of decayed eggs. The Mayor, while still on trial for corruption, must face an inflamed and irrational sentiment among his own former supporters and try to put through measures that will be denounced as acts of treason to California. But without the adoption of these measures the whole compromise will fall through, all the advantages gained by the negotiations will be lost, and California will be able to look forward to unrestrained coolie immigration for an indefinite time.



A HUNDRED MILLION DEFICIT

The Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations says we are exceeding our income

IT is the duty of the Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations to stand as the death's head at the feast of Congressional extravagance. Mr. Tawney of Minnesota has fulfilled this function with zeal and thoroughness. In his statement on submitting the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill he showed that the department estimates, which as a rule are ruthlessly cut down by Congress, have been actually exceeded in five of the regular supply bills. With every allowance for the increase of revenues he could see little hope of escape from a deficit which might reach \$100,000,000.

Mr. Tawney thought that the trouble was due to the fact that the National Government was spending too much on functions that did not belong to it, but that should have been performed by the States. "Congress," he said, "at this time is altogether too anxious to accept from the States the voluntary surrender of the exercise of rights reserved to the States and the exercise of which involves the expenditure of money. To this, more than to any other one thing, may be attributed the rapidly increasing demands upon the Federal Treasury, and the increase in the aggregate of appropriations for civil expenses."

Long as the progress has been from Reed's Congress that appropriated a billion dollars in two sessions to a Congress that appropriates a billion dollars in one session, the advance has only begun. The great mass of Government salaries is still measured by the standards of a generation ago. Congress has barely begun to face the increase in the cost of living. It gave the first recognition of the fact in the matter of its own salaries, because it was there that the situation was most clearly impressed upon its attention. But now that the principle has been admitted, it will have to be applied all along the line. When the telegraph and railroad companies are raising wages everywhere the Government can not retain its servants indefinitely for the salaries of the seventies. The resignation of all the letter carriers in Butte, and the complete emptiness of the civil service registers in other places, are hints that the salary question will have to be faced in all directions. Congress has made a beginning with the postal clerks and letter carriers. When the standards are hoisted everywhere Mr. Tawney's \$100,000,000 deficit will look small, unless new sources of revenue are found.

CHICAGO DEMOCRATS WANT DUNNE

Carter Harrison was willing to accept a nomination, but did not have the offer



AFTER securing only a third of the delegates to the Democratic City Convention at the Chicago primaries, ex-Mayor Carter Harrison withdrew as a candidate and Mayor Dunne was unanimously renominated. The platform, written by the Mayor, denounces the traction ordinances which are to be voted upon next month, and demands the condemnation of the properties of the street railroad companies in case the people take the convention's advice and vote down the compromise. It asserts that while these ordinances pretend to favor municipal ownership they make it practically impossible, and are in fact private franchises for twenty years or more. The platform pledges the party to the municipal ownership of all public utilities.

In double harness with municipal ownership of traction lines Mayor Dunne is driving the issue of Sunday liquor. He pledged himself before the convention to oppose the efforts of the Anti-Saloon League to enforce the Sunday closing law. He could see no other course to follow, he said, than that which had been the practice of the Mayors of Chicago for thirty-five years. "I have been advised by competent authorities," he added, "that the Sunday-closing law is obsolete and dead. I am going to follow that advice until the Supreme Court declares differently."



THE TWO-CENT FARE FAD

Legislatures hastening to follow the fashion of fixing uniform railroad rates

THE idea of limiting railroad passenger fares to two cents a mile by State laws has suddenly assumed the proportions of a popular epidemic. On February 21 the Indiana House, by a vote of 87 to 7, passed a bill to that effect which had already passed the Senate, the Nebraska House put through a similar measure by a unanimous vote, the Minnesota House passed another under suspension of the rules, and one was introduced in the Illinois House. This was the work of a single day. Since Ohio revived the fashion last year at least a dozen States in different parts of the country have either passed two-cent fare laws or have such bills pending, and this movement is now regarded by the railroads with as much apprehension as anything going on at Washington.

Three conferences of railroad officials were held in Chicago and St. Louis on February 21 to discuss the threatening situation. In a carefully prepared

THE Carbo Magnetic RAZOR

Hollow Ground as Illustrated	Double Concave for Extra Heavy Beards	Set of Two in Leather Case	Carbo Magnetic Strop \$1.00 Strop Aide 25c.
\$2.50	\$3.00	\$5.50	

No Honing—No Grinding No More Razor Troubles DOES YOUR RAZOR PULL?

If so, discard it and try a "CARBO MAGNETIC," the Razor with the "PULLING" extracted. "CARBO MAGNETIC" Razors are unlike any you have ever used. They are made of the MOST PERFECT STEEL PRODUCED IN ENGLAND, and are PERFECTLY TEMPERED by OUR EXCLUSIVE SECRET PROCESS OF ELECTRICITY. It has taken TWENTY YEARS to perfect this method of TEMPERING and PREPARING the steel. These Razors WILL HOLD AN EDGE INDEFINITELY, and at last SELF-SHAVING has become A PLEASURE. No matter how many Razors you may possess, just TRY a "CARBO MAGNETIC."

Send us your dealer's name, tell us if he handles the "Carbo Magnetic" Razor, and we will send you our booklet entitled "Hints on Shaving," and make you a proposition whereby you can test this Razor. The booklet is very valuable to self-shavers; it illustrates the correct razor position for every part of the face and tells you all about REAL SHAVING COMFORT.

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A. L. SILBERSTEIN
449-450 Broadway
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The greatest novelty of 1907

BURBANK'S Wizard Poppies

FREE

To get thousands of people to send for our 1907 Seed Catalogue we have decided to give free with each copy Five Packets of Seeds, provided you send 10 cents, coin or stamps, to pay for postage and packing.

These seeds include the great 1907 novelty: Burbank's Wizard Poppies, Giant Flowered Cosmos (a great favorite), Scarlet Sage (remarkable for its fiery color), beautiful golden Calliopsis and that great favorite of Germany's Emperor, Corn Flower. If you want your friends to have the catalogue and free seeds, send their names with your own, enclosing 10 cents for each name. Address:

Wm. Elliott & Sons, Seedsmen, 219 Fulton St., New York
Established 1845

A Piano

Straight From
Lyon & Healy

A Handsome Piano Book

will be sent free on receipt of your name

To You

If you have it in mind to buy a piano, this book will save you a considerable sum. It is illustrated in colors, gives plain prices and terms, and we think it tells more about how to select a good piano than any other book published. Write for it.

Also a big bargain list of slightly used pianos from \$100 up.

Lyon & Healy

21 Adams St., CHICAGO

We sell Steinway, Weber and eighteen other leading makes

Monthly payment may be arranged

We equip our vehicles with bodies to suit your special requirements.
PRICE, \$2000

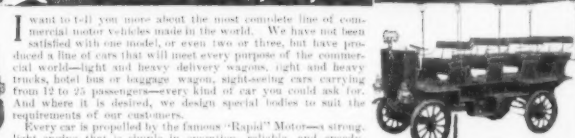
The Rapid Motor Vehicle Co.

Idea A car for every Commercial purpose

Every car guaranteed for one year.
PRICE, \$1800



Hotel Bus, 16-passenger



Twelve-passenger Sight-Seeing Car

I want to tell you more about the most complete line of commercial motor vehicles made in the world. We have not been producing a line of cars that will meet every purpose of the commercial world—light and heavy delivery wagons, right and heavy trucks, hotel bus or baggage wagon, sight-seeing cars carrying from 12 to 25 passengers—every kind of car you could ask for. And where it is desired, we design special bodies to suit the requirements of our customers.

Every car is propelled by the famous "Rapid" Motor—a strong, light engine that is simple in operation, reliable, and speedy. Every one is fully guaranteed for one year.

I want you to tell me what kind of delivery or passenger service you need, and I will write you about the car for your special requirements. Catalog free on request.

H. T. HENRY, SALES MANAGER
RAPID MOTOR VEHICLE CO. PONTIAC, MICH.

\$8,000 - \$10,000 YEARLY



is frequently made by owners of our famous Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a delightful, attractive, big-paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work. Just the business for a man who has some money and wants to invest it to the best advantage. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. Write for catalogue and particulars.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
183 Sweeney Street, North Tonawanda, N. Y.

EVER-READY SAFETY RAZOR AND 12 Blades \$1.00



THE only 12-bladed dollar razor in the world. A better razor impossible. Complete for \$1.00 with silver-plated frame—12 Ever-Ready blades, safety frame, handle and blade strop—travelling case. Extra blades 12 for 75 cents, which also fit Gem and Star frames. Six new Ever-Ready blades exchanged for six dollars and 25c. Ever-Ready dollar sets are sold everywhere. Mail orders prepaid \$1.00.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., 299 Broadway, New York

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Hundreds of Upright Pianos returned from renting to be disposed of at once. They include Steinways, Welbers, Krakauers, Sterlings and other well-known makes. Many cannot be distinguished from new, yet all are offered at a great discount. These pianos range from \$125 upward. Also beautiful new Uprights at \$125, \$135, \$150 and \$165. An instrument at \$190 owned highly. Write, stating your needs, and we will send you a copy of our new Bargain List and also one of our Piano Book Catalogs, which illustrates and describes our entire piano stock. Monthly payments accepted. Every piano bears our full guarantee, and will give years of musical satisfaction.

LYON & HEALY
WORLD'S LARGEST MUSIC HOUSE
43 ADAMS ST. CHICAGO

250 Styles \$23.50 UP 2 YEARS GUARANTY

Direct to you at factory prices is our way. No middlemen between you and us. You save 15%. We build all styles of vehicles, our "National Leader" \$48.50. Top Buggy is the best known and known as the best made. Don't buy until you hear from us. Write today for Free Money-Saving Catalog. U. S. BUGGY & CART CO. Sta. 31, Cincinnati, O. NO MONEY WITH ORDER



Ann Arbor Gasoline Lighting System

City Light for The Country

A lighting system that outshines gas or electricity, and costs only one-fifth as much. A full 300 candle power lamp in every room in the house, at a cost of less than 15c. per hour.

Artistic fixtures that will add beauty and dignity to any home; a large assortment to choose from. The system is very simple in operation, and you can install it yourself in a few hours, with the aid of a screw driver, without marring the walls or decorations.

The fuel supply, gasoline, is kept in a tank in a separate room or out of doors, absolutely safe, and permitted by insurance underwriters. The ideal light for stores, halls, churches, etc.

You can earn money in your spare time by selling Ann Arbor Lighting Systems, and individual lamps. Systems sell from \$10 up. Lamps from \$3 to \$15. Everybody who sees them wants them. Our catalogues illustrate and describe them perfectly. Write for a copy today and state if you wish agents' terms.

SUPERIOR MFG. CO.
279 Second St.
Ann Arbor Mich.
No. 114 \$4.00 Exp. Prepaid \$4.75 No. 25 Exp. Prepaid



MASPERO'S

Pure Olive Oil

Extra Fine Lucca Olive Oil is the purest olive oil imported into this country and is guaranteed to be the first dripping before pressing from the finest selected sound ripe olives. For forty years C. Maspero has been a recognized food expert and his name has stood for absolute purity and unexcelled quality in food products.

is nature's food and a necessity—not a luxury. Maspero's Extra Fine Lucca Olive Oil is made in Lucca, from olives grown in Lucca, the finest flavored olives in the world, and has that rich, delicate nutty flavor which is impossible to secure in oils made in any other locality. It is made and packed under the most cleanly and hygienic conditions, conforms in every way to the Pure Food Laws and is tested at the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture and by the Italian Government.

CANS—1 gal. \$1.45, 1/2 gal. \$1.00, 1/4 gal. 50c., pt. 30c.
BOTTLES—Case of 1 doz. \$1.45, case of 2 doz. \$2.50, case of 3 doz. \$3.50. Per bottle 50c., 35c., and 25c. Delivered free New York City.

SAMPLE FREE. If your provisioner does not have it, send his name and address and I will send you a sample bottle free.

C. MASPERO, IMPORTER
Dept. C, 333 Greenwich St., New York
(Pure Food Specialist and Gen. Export.)

Here it is Again

EVERSTICK—the rubber of health and comfort



(none genuine without this cord)

Any doctor will tell you that the ordinary, common rubber is unhealthy because it makes the shoe air-tight, causes the foot to sweat, swell, ache, burn—when you take the rubber off, the foot is chilled. The

TRADE MARK
EVERSTICK
INVISIBLE RUBBER

Covers only the bottom and sides of the sole of the shoe, leaving the top free to the air, giving foot safety with foot comfort. Very dressy in appearance, and made to fit any style of shoe worn by men and women.

Just as necessary in clear, cold weather to keep the feet warm, as they are in wet, stormy weather to keep the feet dry.

Price for Men, \$1.25; for Women, in Black, \$1.00; in White and Tan, \$1.25.

Accept no substitute, because no other rubber is so good as the Everstick. Insist on having the Everstick fit closely to the foot. See that the name Everstick is stamped on the lining. All good shoemakers sell them, but if you cannot get a pair where you live, write us.

Send for our free booklet "Foot Safety"

The Adams & Ford Co., Mfrs.
65 Bank St., CLEVELAND, O.

KLEINERT-CROWN



25 & 50¢

CROWN MAKE KLEINERT'S
CAST-OFF RUBBER GRIP

Made with "Kleinert's" Flexible Rubber Grip and "Crown Make" patent steel cast-off fastener.

Novel and practical in construction.

No slipping on leg - Lies flat and firm.

Sample pair sent prepaid on receipt of 25 cents.

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34-36-38 Broadway, NEW YORK

The Varnish that lasts longest

Made by Murphy Varnish Company.



OUTING BOATS

Two new sizes for 1907 give our customers the choice of 18, 20 and 22 ft. boats on the water line. The under-water lines are different from other launches, giving greatest speed per horse power of any motor launch on the market.

OUTING Boats with their solid construction are the strongest and lightest, and the paneled interior makes them the handsomest boats in any waters.

A Semi-knocked down boat at \$1,000.00 is our new and attractive offer to persons who want to construct their own boats.

We exhibit at the Chicago Motor Boat Show, March 2-9—space No. 16.

Send for catalog of boats and motors.

OUTING BOAT COMPANY
13500 So. Park Ave. Chicago, Ill.

SUPERBA

Silk Cravats



Scarf Pins don't "puncture" Superba Silk, nor can you tie it into a mass of wrinkles like an ordinary cravat. The silk sort of springs back into natural shape when you untie it. Since there is no price penalty for all those betterments, it is certainly to your interest to insist upon the Furnisher supplying you with Superba Silk Cravats. If you have the least difficulty, send the fifty cents direct to us. "Book of Cleverness" free.

H. C. COHN & CO.
210 Andrew St., Rochester, New York



BRIGHTON

Flat Clasp Garters

for solid comfort. The newest shades and designs of one piece, silk web, not mercerized cotton. All metal parts nicked, cannot rust. 25 cents a pair, all dealers or by mail.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
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interview Mr. Warren J. Lytch, passenger traffic manager of the New York Central lines west of Buffalo, intimated that if the people decreed a two-cent fare they would of course at the same time declare their willingness to accept a two-cent service. "You can not get more out of the job than you put into it," he observed. He asserted that not a single new mile of passenger service had been put on by any railroad in Ohio since the two-cent law was passed a year ago, and remarked that if Illinois should pass such a law and the margin of profit should be wiped out, the people would have to face one of two alternatives—"inferior service, which means fewer and slower trains, or a horizontal reduction of the wages of all persons engaged in railroad work and its allied industries."

Some railroad managers think that the fusillade of harassing State laws, of which the two-cent fare laws are only samples, might have been averted if the corporations had been sensible enough to cooperate with President Roosevelt in his efforts to secure a reasonable national regulation, fair to the companies and their patrons alike. They propose to see whether it is too late even now to conciliate public sentiment in that way.



VICTORY FOR THE CONQUERED

The Boers win control of the Transvaal Government in the first election under the new constitution

THE first elections under the new Transvaal Constitution have restored the control of the colony to its original settlers. Het Volk, the distinctively Boer party, has secured a clear majority over all others—36 out of a total of 69 members of the House. But as the seven Nationalists and the three Labor members are acting with Het Volk, the Afrikaner coalition has more than a two-thirds majority over the only distinctively British party, the Progressives, who have secured only twenty-one seats.

The head of the new responsible government is to be General Botha, the famous Boer commander, who will be Premier and Minister of Native Affairs. General Smuts, another defender of the late Republic in the field, is to be Colonial Secretary, and Advocate De Villiers, who was Attorney-General of the Transvaal during the war, will be Minister of Justice. The Minister of Lands and Public Works, T. Cullinan; the Treasurer, H. C. Hull; and the Minister of Mines, J. Rissik, represent the mining interests.

The Boers have recovered control of their country just about as long after their subjugation as it took the ex-Confederates to recover control of the bulk of the South after the close of our Civil War. They profess loyalty to the British connection, and as far as separate action by the Transvaal is concerned they are doubtless sincere. How long their loyalty would survive the formation of a South African Federation is another matter. General Botha said to his British fellow subjects before the election: "At Vereeniging I signed the treaty of peace. I then solemnly accepted what is so dear to you—your king and your flag. They are now our king and our flag." The chief ostensible issue of the campaign on the part of Het Volk was emancipation from the rule of the capitalists in control of the mines.

SMOOT STILL SENATOR

It has been decided that a Mormon apostle may represent a Mormon State



AFTER four years of strife, in the course of which about thirty-five hundred printed pages of testimony had been taken, the Senate decided on February 20 that Reed Smoot was entitled to the seat which he had occupied on sufferance for two-thirds of his term. Mr. Smoot's credentials had been presented on February 23, 1903, and at the same time a protest from certain citizens of Utah had been put on record. The Senator took the oath on March 5, but from the very first day his right to his seat was disputed. The women's organizations throughout the country took a keen interest in the affair, and the Senate was inundated with petitions urging it to keep the Mormon Apostle out. On January 27, 1904, the Committee on Privileges and Elections was directed to investigate Mr. Smoot's right to a seat. The investigation lasted for over two years, and ended with a majority report declaring Reed Smoot not entitled to a seat, on the ground that he was one of a self-perpetuating body of men claiming divine authority to control the members of the Mormon Church in all things, temporal as well as spiritual; that this authority had been so exercised as to encourage the practise of polygamy; that the first presidency and twelve apostles had brought about an unconstitutional union of church and state, and that Mr. Smoot was not the representative of the State of Utah, but of that usurping hierarchy. A minority report signed by Senators Foraker, Beveridge, Dillingham, Hopkins, and Knox sustained the right of Smoot to his place.

Nothing was brought out in the evidence derogatory to the personal character of the Mormon Senator. In fact, Mr. Foraker remarked in the final debate that Mr. Smoot, by the sworn testimony, had proved a better character than any other Senator on the floor had a right to claim. "He is so good a man," added the friend of the colored soldier, "that I sometimes almost doubt him. He seems to have no vices whatever. He does not drink or chew or smoke or swear, and he is not a polygamist, but, on the contrary, from early youth . . . he was distinguished in the Mormon Church for his opposition to plural marriages."

On the day of the final vote the galleries were crowded with women who had come to exert moral pressure against the apostle of a polygamous church. But the majority of the Senate refused to be intimidated by indignant eyes, and the resolution depriving Mr. Smoot of his seat was rejected by a vote of 42 to 28. The vote was mainly, although not entirely, on party lines, the Republicans taking the Mormon and the Democrats the anti-Mormon side.



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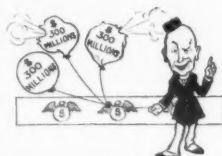
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Nine Republicans joined nineteen Democrats against Smoot, and three Democrats voted with thirty-nine Republicans in his favor. Two Republican members of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, Depew and Dolliver, were converted to Smoot's side after joining in the committee report against him. If their conversion had come earlier the adverse report would not have been made, and the case would not have come before the Senate at all.



ROCKEFELLER'S FORTUNE SHRINKS

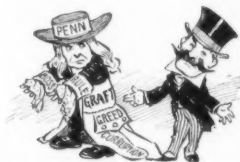
Instead of a billion dollars, it is only a paltry three hundred million or even less

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER has grown tired of being regarded as the world's first billionaire. Mr. Frederick T. Gates, the steward of the Rockefeller charities, has issued some very frank statements, officially authorized from above, on the subject of the wealth of his employer. He makes the unqualified assertion that Mr. Rockefeller's fortune "can not exceed \$250,000,000 or \$300,000,000," and that his income, instead of being \$100,000,000 a year, as some have alleged, "can not in his most prosperous year have exceeded \$15,000,000 or \$20,000,000." Moreover, he is not, and never has been, in control of the Standard Oil Company. His holdings do not now exceed twenty per cent of the stock of the company, and never have reached thirty per cent. This includes all the holdings of his immediate family, but not those of his brothers.

If these statements can be relied upon as strictly accurate, they indicate that Mr. Rockefeller's investments are far less productive than those of many capitalists of much less reputation for business capacity. An income of \$15,000,000 a year, reinvested at only five per cent, would amount to nearly five hundred million dollars in twenty years. Mr. Rockefeller had a very respectable little nest-egg considerably more than twenty years ago. It appears now that his philanthropic benefactions have equaled a third of his present fortune—a proportion that no government would venture to demand in the shape of a tax. It appears, also, that Mr. Rockefeller does not occupy a lonely pinnacle of wealth, but stands on fairly equal terms with Mr. Carnegie, Senator Clark, the Guggenheims, and other persons of modest independence.

"CORRUPT AND CONTENTED"

A ring Mayor, backed by ring Councils, elected to succeed Weaver in Philadelphia



A VERY brief orgy of reform has proved enough for Philadelphia. In the municipal election on February 19 the candidates named by the City party and the Democrats were routed by the nominees of the old Republican ring. Mr. John E. Reyburn, the ring candidate for Mayor, beat the reformer, William Potter, by about 33,000 votes, and the Organization captured the City Councils and the minor offices. The pleas on which the machine returned to power were the same on which it had vainly appealed for popular approval during its period of exile—political partizanship and the promise of a "progressive Philadelphia." Waving aside the question of honest government, it called for a liberal policy in the matter of public improvements, with incidental profit to contractors, the new boss being in the contracting business. The organization had learned something from adversity, and its ticket was well veneered with respectability. Philadelphia might have tired of reform in any case, but the victory of reaction was made certain by the desertion of Mayor Weaver, carrying the control of the police force and the election machinery over to the enemy. The short spasm of honest government has left some results in the form of improved laws and administrative methods, and it is possible that Philadelphia may not sink so low under Boss McNichols as she did under Boss Durham. The Mayor-elect declares that he comes to the office "absolutely without entanglements," and that he will "serve only Philadelphia."



WAR IN CENTRAL AMERICA

Honduras and Nicaragua promised to be good and then began to fight behind the monitor's back

AS an appropriate overture to The Hague Conference, to which all the nations of the American continents have been invited, Honduras and Nicaragua suddenly began a "war" on February 18. The trouble had been brewing for about two months. It began in the usual Central American way by the escape of Honduran revolutionists into Nicaraguan territory, and their pursuit by the Honduran Government forces. The situation was complicated by an alleged desire of the President of Nicaragua to carry out the old scheme of a Central American union with the President of Honduras as the first sacrifice. When war appeared imminent the United States and Mexico interposed a joint veto, in which they were joined by Guatemala, Costa Rica, and Salvador. This arrayed over a hundred million people against about the population of Boston. Nicaragua and Honduras seemed to yield, but at the first opportunity they dodged the monitors and began to fight. This was especially annoying because the intervention of the other North American powers had been heralded as the introduction of a new system of mutual peace insurance under the supervision of the United States, through which war was to be banished from the continent.

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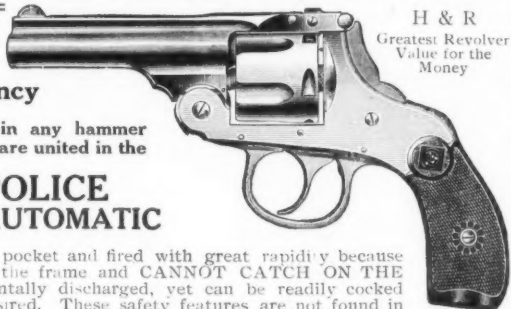
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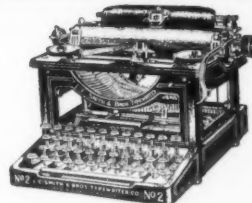
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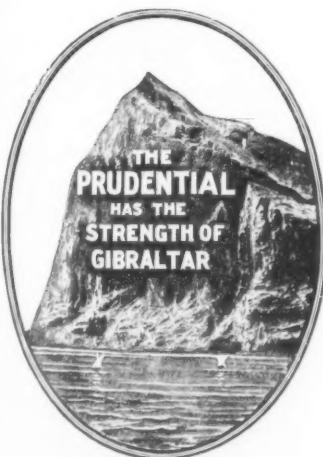
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OLDSMOBILE ROADABILITY

PRESS DISPATCHES

December 23, 1906
"An Oldsmobile 35-40 H. P. Touring Car of stock design, carrying four passengers and 600 lbs. of baggage, started from New York to blaze a way through entirely unknown roads to the Ormond-Daytona Beach, Florida."

January 12, 1907
"The Oldsmobile 'Mudlark' reached Ormond to-day after a run of over 1,400 miles through some of the worst roads ever negotiated by a motor car. Trip was made in 18 days excluding two days taken out for Christmas. Demonstrates beyond question the roadability of this machine."



PRESS DISPATCHES

January 23, 1907
"Notwithstanding the fact that the Oldsmobile 'Mudlark' has just finished its strenuous trip of 1,400 miles from New York to Ormond, yet it is still in the running. Absolutely no adjustments have been made since the finish."

"Olds Motor Works
Lansing, Mich.
"Won on gentleman's touring class one mile race, standing start."
Signed R. R. Owen."

January 24, 1907
"Olds Motor Works
Lansing, Mich.
"The Oldsmobile to-day on the Beach after its long time trying drive New York to Florida through mud, sand and swamps, made a hundred mile record for its class with four people. The engine ran like a clock. It is certainly a great car."
Signed W. J. Morgan
"Mgr. Florida East Coast Auto. Ass'n."

Practical Tests—the most exacting and practical that can be devised—all prove the Perfect Roadability of the Oldsmobile—the car that does things. The Glidden Tour, the 505 Mile Non-Stop run, the New York-Poughkeepsie High-Speed-Lever-Sealed-in run, and a score of other similar exploits, have all served to link evidence with evidence, making the chain complete and but one verdict possible—the Best Thing on Wheels.

AND NOW the recent New York-Daytona Beach trip has added more strength to every link—**Motor Endurance**, for speed or for continued strain over trying roads—**Perfect Control**, dependable on strange, difficult roads or crowded city streets—**Brake Reliability**, to meet any emergency—**Hill Climbing Ability**, equal to any demand—**All parts perfectly balanced**—**Easy riding**—**Every quality essential in touring**—In short, **Perfect Roadability**.

On December 23rd R. R. Owen, and party of three, left New York City on a "pathfinding" trip to Ormond-Daytona Beach, Florida. Their machine was an Oldsmobile "A" 35-40 H. P. Touring Car of stock design and in addition to four passengers it carried over 600 pounds of baggage.

Roads of every description were encountered and by the time the run of over 1400 miles was completed at Daytona on January 12th, the party agreed that not half the story of bad roads had ever been told. The illustration above shows a portion of a 20 mile strip of similar road, so-called,

and is typical of the difficulties encountered and surmounted en route. The story in detail can be obtained on request—it's too long to be told here—the story of how the "Mudlark" made good.

The Oldsmobile Model "A" Touring Car for 1907 has 35-40 H. P., four cylinder motor. Cylinders $4\frac{1}{2}$ x $4\frac{3}{4}$ ground and polished by special machinery; Pistons ground into cylinder with powdered glass. Note that the cylinder is $\frac{1}{4}$ inch larger than last year. There is a check valve in tank holding two gallons in reserve—you can't get out of gasoline without warning. The steering gear is theoretically

and practically perfect. Wheels, with special spoke design, are 34 x 4 inches rear and 34 x $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches front. Springs $2\frac{1}{4}$ x 36 inches front, $2\frac{1}{4}$ x 52 inches rear, making the car wonderfully well balanced and easy riding. Aluminum foot and running boards give the car a rich, finished appearance and are very serviceable. Wheel base, 106 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Complete specifications on request. Price \$2,750. If you are an Oldsmobile owner send us your name, address, number of model and date of purchase and we will send you regularly the Oldsmobile News Letter, a weekly publication devoted to the interests of

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